

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE war news is plentiful, but, as to quality, exceedingly poor. The attack on Saarbrück by the French in superior force, followed by a vigorous repulse, turns out a Prussian hoax. (The report of a French victory at the same place reaches us at the moment of going to press.) Several slight skirmishes have taken place here and there, but these not only have no military significance at all, but do not even serve as indications of the relative positions of the armies preparing for the great contest. That the Prussian troops are chiefly massed on the Rhine, between Coblenz and Metz, on the Moselle, and back of the Saar, seems to be beyond doubt, but reports were also current that an invasion of French territory, in the direction of Mulhouse and Belfort, was intended from the Prussian position on the Upper Rhine, near Basle. Very little can be gathered concerning the incipient movements of the French, owing to the rigorous exclusion of all curious lookers-on, of whatever rank or nationality; but various indications seem to point towards the Rhine, and Carlsruhe, and Landau, rather than towards the Moselle and Treves; and the reported falling back of the Bavarian advanced posts upon the Lauter, coming as it does from Berlin, looks like a sign of operations actually opening in the former direction. Both the Emperor of the French and the King of Prussia are now at the seat of war. Regarding the numbers of the opposing armies, the darkness in which we grope is almost complete, the statements telegraphed us about them being full of the most absurd exaggerations, and wildly contradictory.

One day we are told that the Prussians "concentrated behind the River Saar have 400,000 men and rather too much cavalry," while "the opposing force of the French numbers about 300,000." Next day we read: "The French can hardly have been acquainted with the weakness of the Prussian force in Saarbrück during the last few days. It is not now so much at their mercy." This latter announcement comes from the "special correspondent at Saarbrück" of "the only newspaper in the United States fully represented by special correspondents with both Prussian and French armies, and at the leading capitals—the only paper receiving full special despatches," etc., etc. It reminds us of the following perfectly analogous statement by the "special correspondent at Cherbourg" of the same "only newspaper in the United States": "The defences of Cherbourg have been strengthened within a few days; but had a Prussian fleet attacked the place last week, it might have entered through the Western pass, burnt the arsenal and the town, and retired through the Eastern pass without receiving a shot." The "special correspondent at Metz" of the same "only newspaper" puts "800,000 down as the lowest number the Emperor means to have under his hand, and in complete communication at the entrance of the campaign," and believes "the concentration now to be within forty-eight hours of completion." The "special correspondent at Saarbrück," aforesaid, on the other hand, seems to be ignorant of what his fellow-special knows, for he expects a triple aggressive advance of the Prussians on Strasbourg, Nancy, and Metz. Or, if he knows the French to be about a million strong in those vicinities, he relies upon their bodily weakness, for deserters whose "appearance confirms their report," for "they are half-starved and woe-begone," "say they have nothing to eat." A million of soldiers that have nothing to eat ought to be beaten by half a million well victualled. It is true "some French infantry entered Prussian territory at 3 o'clock to dig up potatoes," but "they were driven off without any potatoes"—we are not told at what o'clock. "Potato-digging has been attempted at intervals all along the frontier," but attempted only. The French soldier without his potato must be devoid of all enthusiasm for

"la France" and "la gloire," while even "the Polish soldiers" of Prussia are "conspicuous by their patriotic manifestations"—not for Poland but for Prussia—"and vehement hatred of the French." This novel piece of information, too, we owe to a special correspondent of our "only newspaper," which, in spite of all its boasting, deserves credit for its exertions to satisfy the public craving for news.

One other piece of war news, by the Cable, deserves special and separate mention—and that is, that the Prussians have "mined the banks of the Rhine." This, we think, shows that military science has not made the progress among the Prussians we supposed it had. If they were really equal to the occasion, they would set the Rhine on fire, and in this way it would be impossible for the French to get across. Another despatch declares, in substance—supposing it to have any meaning, which is doubtful—that the French people wanted to have General Sheridan take service in the French army, but that the French Government told Dr. Evans, an American dentist in Paris, that they would not receive the General at the seat of war except as a "military spectator." We doubt if any one will ever get at the bottom of this story. We believe General Sheridan goes over on his own account, and intends to be the only thing an American officer can be, a simple looker-on.

The movements of the French fleet are shrouded in mystery, and have as yet resulted in no hostile action of any importance. We hear of it at Brest, near the coast of Scotland, at the mouth of the Elbe, and off Copenhagen; but the reports are vague. Whether its presence in the waters of Denmark will drive that kingdom into an alliance with France, an alliance clamored for by the more reckless portion of the Danish press, but opposed by strong influences and reasons, is still to be seen. Belgium appears to have been roused by the lately divulged schemes against her to more energetic measures for the defence of her independence and neutrality, in which she will have the lively sympathy of England, but possibly no more, in spite of the intense excitement which agitates the British people and Parliament. That England should have invited Russia to join her in defending Belgium by force of arms is highly improbable. The report of the Florence *Nazione* of negotiations going on between England, Italy, and Austria, for an alliance of common neutrality, is more likely to be correct, though counter exertions on the part of France may easily baffle the consummation of all such schemes.

Both Bismarck and the French Government have now published their account of the secret treaty. Bismarck says it was entirely of French origin, but was proposed long before 1866, as well as just previous to the war of that year, but at once rejected, and its existence was in the meantime concealed in the interests of peace. The original draft is preserved at Berlin, in M. Benedetti's handwriting. To this the French reply that it was the wicked Bismarck who proposed the scheme, and it happens to be in Benedetti's handwriting simply because that gentleman took it down at Bismarck's dictation—which is a very unlikely story indeed. On whichever side the truth lies, it must be admitted that Bismarck has got the better of his old friend on this occasion at least. Indeed, it is hard to see how the American admirers of "smart men" can stand by the Emperor any longer after this revelation. The wrath of the German press with England seems to grow stronger as the weeks wear on, and the English Ministry takes no decided step to call France to account, and the English coal-dealers continue to supply the French steamers. Mr. Gladstone, however, did intimate, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, that the service of a fleet by colliers might be equivalent to furnishing it with store-ships.

Perhaps the most interesting piece of foreign news received during the week—and there is every reason for supposing it to be authentic—

is, that the French are evacuating Rome, as part of the price of Italy's good-will, or at least neutrality, the balance to be paid in money—\$12,000,000 being talked of as the amount. That this result has been hastened in some degree by the general disgust excited by the performances of the Ecumenical Council, there is little doubt. This, and the adoption of the dogma of infallibility, will prove a far heavier blow to the Papacy than anything that has happened since the Reformation. The Pope's behavior, if half the stories told of him have been true, can only be accounted for or excused on the ground, and the very likely ground, that his faculties are weakened by age. His violence of language and outrageous abuse of his temporal power towards the members of the opposition converted the latter sessions of the Council into a disgraceful farce. Secession is talked of in Hungary; and it is doubtful whether many of the opposition bishops will promulgate the dogma in their dioceses.

Thanks to independent communication by telegraph with the two belligerents, the facts of any great event of the war cannot long be concealed by either party. The daily bulletins from Paris and Berlin serve to correct each other, and the reader's common sense to correct both. The French censorship, therefore, as regards Prussia, is limited to French soil, and that this is a matter of congratulation may be judged from the sudden cessation of news from Spain unless of a sort which it suits the French Government to transmit. As the innocent occasion of a ferocious assault on a friendly power, Spain, were it at one with itself, and not financially prostrated, would in honor have hastened to ally itself with Prussia; and, notwithstanding the good behavior of France in restraining the Carlists, it is improbable that there should not be at Madrid a strong feeling of resentment at an insult first offered to Spain and afterwards to Prussia—that of interference, namely, with the deliberate choice of one nation, and the passive assent of another. Of all this, however, if it exists, we hear not a word, but instead reports of friendly neutrality or alliance with France. That these represent the actual attitude which Spain is in prudence forced to preserve, there can be little doubt; but a genuine expression of the Spanish view of the war is still to be heard.

There is preliminary activity in politics throughout the country; but, as a rule, it moves in secret channels, and is not obvious to the general eye, and in the North consists almost wholly in sedulous letter-writing, and in presenting in the newspapers the names and claims of gentlemen who would take nominations. In the South, in the two Carolinas, things are a little further advanced, and North Carolina holds her election to-day and elects a State Legislature, a full Congressional delegation, and an Attorney-General. In South Carolina, nominations are not fully made. Governor Scott is likely to be re-elected, for there is little or no hope that the Reform party—which, of course, is largely Democratic—will carry the State, though they will here and there gain a representative in the Legislature, and possibly one or two Congressmen. Mr. Cardozo, a light mulatto, of good abilities, is talked of for the United States Senate, and one or two negroes will probably be returned to the House. So will Mr. Whittemore, who appears to grow and increase in impudence, and who works so hard for a prosecution in the courts and a place in the penitentiary, that it ought to be no longer denied him. The Reform candidates are making speeches, and profess belief in their success; but their day is not yet, it is to be feared. Meantime, our old friend Niles G. Parker, State Treasurer, has become involved in a little controversy as to whether or not it is true that "no one can tell what has become of the State Treasury." One thing appears to be clear amid the dust of the conflict—namely, that the State Treasurer, being charged with allowing bonds of the State to go to protest, and with having thus dishonored the State, replies, in so many words, that "there are no bonds of the State past due and dishonored," and further says that the Comptroller-General does not affix his signature to the State bonds, and that it is easy to see how much his accuser knows of what he is talking about. Thereupon the accuser produces a letter from the agents of the Barings, which avers that in 1868 there fell due £109,000 in South

Carolina bonds which went to protest, and that both the principal and the one year's additional interest on the dishonored bonds remained unpaid on the 26th of last month, though due on the 1st. And all this, though the impoverished farmers of South Carolina are staggering under enormous taxation.

In North Carolina the war still continues, or rather Colonel Kirk still holds some scores of the principal inhabitants of two or three counties under arrest, and stands ready to make war if only somebody would resist, which nobody does. His forces are not the regular militia of the State, but a specially levied body of men, mostly black; and he himself seems to be a wandering adventurer, trained to command by bushwhacking in Tennessee. From the shouting and bawling of the Holden "organs"—the trumpet-calls to the faithful, as they are termed up in this region, when the men and brethren are on the eve of voting—we should imagine that there may have been some need of what one of the North Carolina judges called this "small electioneering dodge" of the Governor's; but we suppose the State is safe to go Republican, and that at least one colored member of Congress will appear in the House. Still, that the Legislature should be of a certain stripe may very likely be of great importance to the success of various schemes that will come up next winter. The probable colored member of Congress is Mr. James Harris, of Raleigh, a sensible man, and by no means despicable in point of ability. He is the man who two years ago refused to let himself be put in nomination, thinking it injudicious. But it will be observed very soon, or may be observed now, that there is to be very little more of that kind of reserve.

Neither is it to be desired that men like Mr. Harris should postpone their claims to the claims of men like many of the leaders of the colored men. The Northern people are beginning to understand the carpet-bagger tolerably well, and he is on his last legs, no doubt, but every month by which his final end can be hastened is precious; and it is to be hoped that light from all sources may be thrown on his figure till there may not be a man in the Republican party who does not justify the South in its hatred of him, and see why the South is to be partly excused for hating us. A typical carpet-bagger may actually have been a few years ago a bankrupt saloon-keeper, of the ability usual with his class, whose saloon decayed because of a vehement suspicion that it was a house of assignation, and an absolute certainty that it was a very unsatisfactory place in which to eat and drink; he may have been more than half-believed to have set his saloon on fire for the sake of getting the insurance money; he may then have been a soldier, known for currying favor, and a petty officer hated for small tyrannies; he may have always been innocent of more education than goes to the reading of the *Ledger*; and yet to-day he may be lieutenant-governor of a State with a prosperous "ring"; or he may be a Congressman and a seller of cadetships; or—and here is a chief concern of ours with him—he may be a representative of Northern civilization, an instructor of the negro voter, making him rotten in legislative rascality before he is ripe for the suffrage, an agent in reconstruction, and a fruitful source of the hearty hatred for the North which has so long delayed the peace that is essential. And worse cases than this could be cited. Every Southern State has had its share of them, and the Republican party has suffered in consequence about as much as it is wise to attempt bearing.

Georgia just now sees him characteristically employed. The intention is avowed to get the law so construed as that Governor Bullock shall keep his office for two years longer. The argument is that he became only a provisional officer when Congress last interfered in the affairs of the State, and that, as he did nevertheless make a successful canvass of the popular vote, he must be held to be an elected Governor also, and the constitutional two years' term must be held to have begun when Congress finally took the State out of its provisional condition. This subterfuge deceives no one, but there is a reasonable prospect of its giving Bullock the State for two years longer. If so, it will be heard of next winter in Congress, and not from Democrats alone, for

although, in some way that cannot be explained, the last of the Georgia bills was ambiguous, and shirked this question of Bullock's claim to prolong his power, nevertheless, Senators very warmly declared that the construction now sought to be put upon it the committee did not intend it to bear. No wonder that Mr. Thurman and Mr. Trumbull, with Bullock's transactions with Forney fresh in mind, might indignantly deny a willingness to lengthen such a person's lease of power. They let it be done, however, or did not prevent it.

There is another little "Butler imbroglio" brought to light in the courts in Washington. One Whitney asks for an injunction to prevent one Ames getting from the Treasury a balance due to him on a gun contract till he first pays him, Whitney, a fee of \$5,000 for "professional services;" but Ames answers that the fee was promised for the professional services of B. F. Butler, whose clerk, or "head man," Whitney is, and that the services to be rendered by Mr. Butler were his bringing about, through his position as a member of an investigating committee, a withdrawal of the opposition offered by General Dyer, the Chief of Ordnance, to the payment of Ames's claim. We hope the case will not be "settled" till we have heard more about it, and particularly till General Dyer is examined.

We have, though not naturally cruel, taken some pleasure of late in watching the way in which some of our *à priori* politicians, who have for some time been trying to substitute the Declaration of Independence for the Constitution, have been dealing with the Chinese question. What with their desire to reconcile "the natural rights" of the Chinese with the "natural rights" of "the workingman" already here, their situation is enough to draw tears from a gorgon. One after another has tried to take the bull by the horns, and got badly gored. The latest attempt has been made by Wendell Phillips, who advocates, in the *Standard*, letting the Chinese come in gradually, so as not to lower the wages of the American laborers here. So that, according to this plan, the United States is, we suppose, to station officers on its coasts, whose duty it will be to let in as many Irishmen, Germans, and men of all Aryan races as choose to come, without regard to the effect their arrival will have on wages; but whenever five Chinamen present themselves, three are to be driven back. But, suppose the three rejected Chinamen produce the Declaration of Independence, and read the passage about people being all "born free," and then produce a batch of Anti-slavery, Woman's-rights, and Negro-suffrage speeches, by leading Republican philanthropists and politicians, and read them, and then say that all they ask is liberty to work hard and peaceably in a half-reclaimed continent, of boundless resources—what answer shall we make them? Who of all the declaimers against "distinctions based on race or color," and against the right of society to restrict the suffrage, is going to have the hardihood to drive them away from untilled fields and unworked mines?

The Nathan murder, like the Rogers murder and various other murders of the same character, calls forth more or less denunciation of the police, and complaints, not only of its want of vigilance, but of the smallness of the force. But this sort of talk only draws away attention from the real source of any insecurity for life and property from which New York may be suffering. It is not possible to police any city so that a man shall run no risk of being murdered or robbed in his own bedroom, or at his own street door. Such cases will occur under any police system, and no amount of vigilance will always lead to the arrest of the criminals. What leads to the perpetration of crime is uncertainty whether crime will be punished; and into this the condition of the courts and of the penal code enters far more largely than the remissness of the police or the smallness of the force, as any one may satisfy himself who compares the number of arrests with the number of convictions. It is increased, too, and greatly increased, by the heinous—that is the word—sympathy of the public with criminals; the readiness of respectable persons either to sign their names to petitions for pardons or to let pardons be obtained without opposition, when they know good reasons why they ought not to be

granted. We should like to know, for instance, how many of those who, when Officer Smedick was murdered, testified to his good conduct, good temper, and general efficiency, have stirred hand or foot to traverse the charges which Real, his murderer, has been bringing against him during the past fortnight, in aid of the attempt to procure commutation of his own sentence. Governor Hoffman's final reply to Real's counsel is an admirable public lesson and rebuke.

The superannuated "fraud" known as the American Colonization Society has had a falling out with the New York State Society, hitherto a branch of it, but now to all appearance irrevocably parted from it. The grievances of the latter, as set forth in an extremely lively document made public this week, arose from the refusal of the parent society to withdraw its soliciting agent from the New York field, which he had been by courtesy allowed to farm for three years, though in virtue of a common understanding the State Society had final authority in the premises. Having inflicted this wrong, the American Society turns round and in its annual report this year abuses the New York Society, boldly charges it with having been revolutionized by the election of "new men" hostile to the American, complains of discrepancies in its alleged contributions and actual receipts, and indulges in other pretty statements, which are of course pronounced "groundless and calumnious." These are epithets that used to be often heard from the Abolitionists when the Colonization Society was seeking to remove the free negroes of the South from the immediate neighborhood of the slaves, and at the same time making philanthropic professions of a lofty character. Age and the loss of a legitimate occupation do not seem to have improved the Society's scrupulousness, and we grieve to say that the New York Society has added one more to the numerous exposures of the "parent." After all, however, a charity once established is hard to kill, and we presume this little "onpleasantness" will work no particular harm to the guilty party, and that hereafter, as heretofore, enough of people will be found to contribute to the expenses of a society which spends \$68,000 per annum with the magnificent result of shipping every other year from one to two hundred negroes to Liberia; and that the New York Society will have no difficulty in raising funds to educate over there the ignorant emigrants thus transported.

A contemporary quotes our remark that the newspaper men at Worcester, who took sides in the dispute as to the "foul," do what they had no business to do, and, having quoted it, enquires what would become of the *Nation* if it did not take sides in disputes about things which it had not seen with its own eyes. The newspaper men of whom we spoke were reporters, and it being a reporter's true business to get the facts in any given case, as it is an editor's business to express opinions, the "pertinent question" put to us is seen to be not pertinent. The fact is that reporters are accorded a license which makes many of them untrustworthy in their report or causes it to be mingled with other matter out of its scope, and which makes the most of them insufferable blackguards. Take, for instance, the wretch who the other day, out of revenge for having been refused admission to the house of Mr. Nathan, then occupied by the women of the bereaved family, goes away and makes a circumstantial charge of parricide against the young man who had declined to show him over the house and exhibit to him the corpse of his unfortunate father. Yet this ruffian's whole work, had he been attached to a properly conducted newspaper, would have been merely to report facts, and he would have had no more opportunity to air his opinions and impose his scoundrelly and shocking inventions on the public than a private soldier to dictate the plan of a campaign. This is an extreme case; but the unbiassed reporter, on the other hand, who tells what he sees and hears, no more and no less, is about as rare. Reporters and correspondents are too seldom edited, unless, indeed, they are edited to the bad extent of being "inspired" by the editor, and made to his order. How bad the result is, and how very bad indeed it used to be, as, for instance, when every anti-slavery speaker was a saintly hero or a weak-headed, wicked ignoramus with "free-love" tendencies, everybody knows who knows the press.

ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.

THERE is probably nothing which the European public has been watching with so much interest during the last fortnight as the effect on England of the revelations made by Bismarck of Louis Napoleon's views of her weight in European politics, and of the value of her guarantee to such small powers as Belgium. The unexpected coolness with which her Government has received the publication of the projected treaty is apparently exciting more or less exasperation in Germany, which has already found vent in the Berlin press, and, curiously enough, is fastening on her continued commercial dealings with the French, and especially the sale to them of coal, as proofs of something worse than indifference to French treachery; the exact nature of neutral obligations being apparently totally misunderstood by nine-tenths of the writers who shape public opinion about them. There is evidently not much disposition on England's part to be stirred up into anything more than an attitude of suspicion towards France, indicated by some "activity in dockyards" and the concentration of the fleet in home waters. There is plainly no inclination on the part of the ministry to put an unfavorable construction on the French conduct, or to force the Emperor into a corner. After making all due allowance for official reserve, it is difficult to avoid the inference that both Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville were rather unwilling to admit that the proposed treaty was authentic; and—now that there is no longer any doubt on this point—that it is of very great importance after all; and they are fortified in their indifference by the amusing conflict of veracity which is now going on between Bismarck and the Emperor as to which of them drew up what both are now agreed is an abominable arrangement.

Nevertheless, there is nothing in the political system of the European Continent to the maintenance of which England is so strongly and solemnly committed as the independence of Belgium. If she would not resist the destruction of this, she would resist nothing. If its destruction should be attempted, and successfully—and that her passiveness when Denmark was attacked in 1866, in the teeth of the Treaty of London, suggested to Louis Napoleon that he might safely presume on her patience as much as Prussia had done, there is little reason to doubt—it would remove her definitively from the class of "great powers," to whose hands usage as well as force has so long committed the task of arranging the affairs of the Continent. The treaties of 1815 having been all overthrown, and her guarantee having been set aside in the case of Denmark, the only portion of the political status in Europe for which she remains formally bound is the independence of Greece and of Turkey. The former of these is not likely to be menaced; and, if we may judge from the tone of English opinion with regard to the Crimean war and its results, there is no chance of any further attempt being made to save Turkey from any fate which may be in store for her.

The control of the Continent would then pass completely into the hands of France and Prussia. Belgium having disappeared from the map, Holland would soon follow, and it is difficult to suppose that Scandinavia would long escape the maw of either Prussia or Russia. Austria would hold together just as Turkey has held together—just so long as the three great powers could not agree as to the manner in which it should be divided; and of all the nationalities, or rather races, which it contains, probably not one is possessed of sufficient strength and vitality to furnish a substitute for the curious mediæval contrivance called the Austrian Empire. Russia is assuming too heavy a load of responsibility in the East, is undertaking the civilization of too many barbarous races, and the reclamation of too much wilderness, and has too great a task before her in the reorganization of her own institutions, to make it probable that for generations to come she will be able to say "No" when two such powers as France and Germany say "Yes." The world has probably not yet seen, indeed, a political body of such weight as Germany will be when consolidated and "Prussianized."

The independence of England, when completely shut out from Continental politics, and stripped of all the prestige left her by the wars of the empire, and with Ireland still discontented, and a heavy burden on

her shoulders in the shape of colonies and provinces, and with the part of pure seamanship in naval warfare greatly reduced, would rest largely on the forbearance and morality of the Continental powers; and although all civilized powers, doubtless, have within fifty years made great advances in morality, it is impossible for any calm observer to say, after what has been witnessed in Germany and France within the last ten years, that the corrupting influence of the possession of great material strength on the mind either of nations or individuals has so far diminished as to render it safe to trust much to the mercy or honor or justice of any government. Anybody who reads Louis Napoleon's last address to his army will find in it, except the comical reference to "liberty and civilization," nothing which Julius Caesar might not have put into a similar document.

Most of these considerations are evident enough, as one may see by the press, to the minds of most thoughtful Englishmen. The number of those who like to contemplate the future of the kingdom, supposing things to go as they are going, diminishes every year. Hope, in short, which is by far the most important element in national vitality, makes less figure in English politics every year, though nobody doubts that the nation, if put to it, is capable of making as tremendous efforts as ever. But then, there stands in the way of a vigorous or independent foreign policy the fact that as Europe now is no nation can play a first-class part in European politics, or even be sure of preserving its dignity, without a large and highly organized standing army, or, at all events, a militia or reserve, so drilled and disciplined as to be capable of acting against a standing army at short notice. The English army, as at present organized, counts for nothing in European politics. Whenever it has made a figure in Continental wars, it has either been employed against a foe most of whose attention was directed elsewhere, or has been surrounded by a powerful body of auxiliaries, and in days when the armies of all the great powers were comparatively small. Now, when three powers at least can mobilize nearly a million of men, it is almost ridiculous for England, whose disposable home force does not reach over forty thousand, to expect to exercise any serious influence in European politics; and Englishmen themselves see it, and, curiously enough, the aristocracy, once the most warlike and aggressive portion of the nation, are now the meekest and most resigned to a peaceful and obscure rôle. The reason is that the reorganization of the army, so as to make it rest on the nation, and put into it the whole of the national force, would involve the introduction of the conscription, to which the people would not submit, unless it were democratized—that is, unless the officering of it, like the civil service, was thrown open to all classes, and ceased to be, as at present, a monopoly, confined to men of wealth and good family. The army and the church are the only two institutions now left in the hands of the upper classes, in which their younger sons can find a genteel livelihood; and they vastly prefer, if they have to choose, to have England retire from Continental politics to consenting to a change such as the reorganization of the army, which would in reality do more to invite "the transfer of power" than anything which has yet occurred. Probably nothing would do so much to convince the middle and lower classes that they are really the nation as to see men of humble birth riding at the head of regiments, and wearing decorations, and seeing all classes serving in the ranks—a sight which England has not beheld since "The New Model Army" made its chief the foremost man in Europe.

SOME OF THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

IN his "Idée Napoléonienne," Louis Napoleon quotes from his favorite history of the First Empire, Bignon's, the following: "One day people will ask, Why did Napoleon, in the last six years of his reign, show himself so pitiless towards Prussia? The reason is: Prussia was the power that harmed him most, for she compelled him to fight and destroy her, while his desire was to extend, to strengthen, and to aggrandize her." We do not know whether the author of the "Idée Napoléonienne," who has now with so much vehemence drawn the sword against Prussia—old, infirm, and generally passionless as he is—has either the desire or the ability to treat her pitilessly and to destroy

her; but—granting Bignon's view to be correct—we cannot fail to notice the analogy between the Prussian wars of the two imperial reigns arising from the fact that Napoleon III., too, sees himself compelled to fight Prussia after some endeavors “to extend, to strengthen, and to aggrandize her.”

The object of Napoleon I. in giving Hanover to Prussia, after Austerlitz, was, as Bignon expresses it, “to ensure, by her aid, the immobility of Russia and Austria, to give to the Continental system an irresistible development, and thus to force England to make peace.” Besides, Napoleon received some territorial compensations for what he took from the King of England and gave to Prussia. The object of Napoleon III. in conspiring with Bismarck for the aggrandizement of Prussia—by the absorption, among other territories, of the same Hanover, as chiefly required for her consolidation—was to bring about a final disruption of Germany, which would render her powerless to resist the natural expansion of France—as the French call *Cisrhenean* conquests—whether at the expense of Belgium or of Prussia herself, should a protracted war have crippled her resources equally with those of Austria. And, low though our opinion be of the unselfishness of the living Napoleon, we cannot refrain from acknowledging that his intentions concerning Prussia were more sincere than those of the great conqueror. For the latter aimed at universal empire over Europe, and could therefore tolerate no respectable power besides his own, while the former would be fully satisfied to be acknowledged mightiest among the mighty.

Prussia compelled Napoleon I. to fight her by refusing to be his abject slave. She has compelled Napoleon III. to fight her by her victory at Sadowa. This victory by its suddenness has frustrated the schemes of French expansion, and made Prussia almost the equal of France in power. It has eclipsed Sevastopol, Magenta, and Solferino— which were the dearly bought compensations in *gloire* for endless sacrifices of *liberté*—and partly effaced even the remembrances of Jena and Wagram. It has aroused the vanity of the French to a degree which makes them both restless and restive. The trophies of Miltiades will not allow Themistocles to sleep; from the day of Sadowa France has enjoyed no rest. She has actually begun to doubt whether she is after all *la grande nation*. A great revolution and great victories long ago procured her that glorious title; she sees it now rapidly becoming vain-glorious merely. She must have new victories or else a new revolution. Napoleon has not been slow in comprehending the changed situation, the changed temper of France. And where revolution or war is the alternative, he cannot hesitate in his choice. While playing or struggling with an incipient revolution, he has prepared for war—and Europe will be drenched in blood. It is idle to speculate how far, in throwing down the gauntlet to the rival of France, he is actuated by motives of personal interest, looking to the preservation of his dynasty, and how far by feelings inspired by the interests of the nation whose ruler he is. Whether equally imperative or not, regard for the safety of his throne and regard for “the honor of France” command him to fight.

Among the personal considerations looking to the preservation of both throne and fame, we may mention the advantage, so obvious under the actual circumstances of the Second Empire, of breaking by a powerful series of warlike deeds the chain of historical remembrances now uppermost in the mind of the French people. The seventeen or eighteen years of the personal rule of Napoleon, beginning with the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, 1851, form a connected period of usurpation and hypocrisy, preceded by three years of wire-pulling and presidential betrayal of trust. This period is that which the generation that knew the reign of Louis Philippe and the Revolution of 1848 is constantly contemplating and meditating about as the worst part of their country's history in this century; as a long-stretched inglorious present to which the late imperial concessions, crowned by a plebiscite of a strangely dubious character, seem to form a continuation rather than a concluding and reconciling epilogue. Nothing would be more apt to impress upon the recent constitutional change in France the character of such an epilogue than the suddenly following opening of a new series of events, sufficiently dramatic and heroically tragic to strike the imagination of the people with the idea of entirely novel, grand performances,

with the impression of a new era opening in the history of their country. Should speedy victory perch upon the imperial eagles, the new era would be hailed, as such, with all the rapture of national vanity; should a long war with varying success ensue, the multiplicity and intensity of the new impressions would the more easily cast the late past into comparative oblivion. In either case, Napoleon would appear in the new light of a champion of France in a grand contest with an envied rival.

Nor have the provocations to hostility, on the part of Prussia, been slight in the eyes of Napoleon. Not only has she dared to conquer beyond all measure compatible with “the honor of France”; not only has she used and abused her victory exclusively for her own benefit and without any regard to the claims and remonstrances of the monarch who at first aided her by his council and connivance; but she has also crossed and baffled some of his most favorite schemes in an almost atrocious way. It was he who proclaimed himself the protector and regenerator of the decayed Latin race, from the Pontus to the Pacific. It was he who brought about the union of Moldavia and Wallachia in the shape of an all but independent Roumania. It was he who worked with Cavour and fought with Garibaldi for the freedom of Italy, “from the Alps to the Adriatic.” It was he who encouraged O'Donnell to revive the ancient glory of Spain on the soil of the Moors and to restore her sway in the Antilles. It was he who erected and defended, as a shield of the Latin race against the Anglo-Saxon, the imperial throne of Maximilian in Mexico. Surely it was a great dream, this universal Latin protectorate of France. And how has it vanished? Excepting Mexico, where it ended in a tragedy, Prussia has turned it into a mockery everywhere. She has placed a prince of her royal house, Charles of Hohenzollern, on the throne of Roumania. She has conquered—at Sadowa—the Italian quadrilateral of fortresses, which her arming in 1859 prevented Napoleon from assaulting, and has surrendered it and Venice to Italy—through his own hands. And now she has arranged to set another Hohenzollern prince on the throne even of Spain. Are not all these provocations, put together, too destructive of the prestige, too insulting to the pride of a Napoleon to be submitted to calmly, to be borne without an attempt at revenge? We presume they have weighed heavily in the scales in which the Emperor of the French lately weighed peace and war.

COLLEGE TROUBLES.

WE publish elsewhere an answer from a competent hand to an onslaught made by Mr. W. W. Phelps, of this city, at the late commencement at Yale College, on “Old Yale” on behalf of “Young Yale;” or, in other words, to an outpouring of the griefs which the younger graduates—that is, those of the last ten years—declare themselves to experience whenever they contemplate their Alma Mater. The trouble in Young Yale's case is that, although profoundly discontented, it is not able, when pushed to the wall, to state in set terms what is the matter with it. It does not like the state of things at the college, but yet finds an apparently insurmountable difficulty in defining the defects of the system of which it complains, and usually ends by demanding the removal of the six Congregational ministers from the governing body as the very least that will satisfy it, although loudly praising the Faculty. To this, however, the ministers and their friends have the ready reply, that the Corporation does whatever the Faculty pleases, and that if anything be wrong, it is the Faculty which is to blame; but the malcontents have praised the Faculty; therefore, etc. Mr. Phelps came near touching what is, we suspect, the seat of the trouble, by complaining that General Grant's son had gone to Harvard, and that distinguished foreigners, including British peers, not unfrequently figured at the Harvard commencement dinners, and that it had distinguished poets among its professors. This gives “M. A.” a fair chance for a laugh; but it expresses in a vague and distant way the Young Yale feeling that their university is wanting in “style,” and does not maintain satisfactory relations with the culture of the world without. The difficulty it finds itself in is somewhat analogous to that from which doctors escape by telling their patients that they want “tone.” It would like to have the atmosphere of the place improved, and cannot think of any way of doing it so good as expelling the ministers, though if you ask it what it means by “atmosphere,” it is puzzled a little. “M. A.” probably renders Young Yale some service by mentioning the defects of the

college on the literary side, which, of course, are due to want of money; and probably, if the whole matter were thoroughly investigated, it would be found that most of the complaining graduates could be satisfied if the general fund of the college were larger, and it could indulge in more professors.

It is not the graduates of Yale, however, who alone are complaining about the colleges. These institutions are a source of profound trouble and disappointment to many of the newspapers, and especially to our esteemed contemporary the *Tribune*. That paper excited a good deal of merriment among some of its readers a few weeks ago, by complaining, *apropos* of "commencement exercises," that the youthful orators would persist in writing and talking about things they did not understand, or only half-understood. This was an unkind cut, because, unless we are mistaken, as we have never been before, we have discovered nearly every week distinct and well-defined marks of the undergraduate hoof in the columns of some of our daily contemporaries. Some of those profound views on international law, social economy, foreign politics, canon law, and ecclesiastical history with which our journals fill the stomachs of their readers we have certainly met with before now in "themes" and other compositions, which bear to the commencement oration the same relation that the calf bears to the full-grown ox, or the blossom to the fruit. The *Tribune* has many good points; but we are sure that, on reflection, it will not claim credit for exact knowledge, or a thorough comprehension of every subject which the necessities of journalism compel it to discuss, and will, therefore, acknowledge that the young fellows who undertake to reveal the secrets of the universe at commencements are entitled, at least, to forbearance at its hands.

It is not the shallowness of the commencement orator only, however, which is complained of, but the "bloodlessness" of the professors, who are suspected of keeping down the glow and fervor of the undergraduate nature, or, at least, of preventing it from finding vent in the exercises through which these gentlemen are supposed to be acquiring the art of expressing their thoughts in good English. We gather from one article on this subject in our contemporary's columns, that a fiery and ornate rhetoric is in some mysterious manner the result of richness of blood, and that anybody who does not admire it must be an unhealthy person, unfit to take charge of the instruction of youth. If we remember rightly, a doctrine somewhat similar was preached in the *Atlantic* a month or two ago, by Colonel T. W. Higginson, who there and then went into a kind of mild ecstasy over the rhetoric of the Hon. P. L. Slider, M.C., which he declared it did him good to hear, as, although of the spread-eagle variety, and strongly charged with gunpowder and whiskey, and produced with much bodily effort, it was, nevertheless, a sign that Slider and his kind were fresh, vigorous, and healthy, and was going to make the world somehow or other a great deal better. In other words, Colonel Higginson laid it down in pretty plain terms that blatherskite was a healthy symptom; and, so far from being repressed, was to be encouraged or borne with for the sake of the inward and spiritual grace which it indicated; and he hinted plainly that anybody who expressed dislike of blatherskite, and desired Slider to come down off the stump, shut his sonorous mouth, and betake himself to some productive industry, was a cold, malignant, bad person, who would probably not hesitate to rob a church or defraud a widow.

Now, we differ on this point from the New York *Tribune*; we differ, too, from Colonel Higginson, though we admit that differing from Colonel Higginson exposes one to the suspicion of being of a still more cruel, not to say diabolical, nature, than if he were differing from the *Tribune*. Nevertheless, in the face of these two worthies we have no hesitation in assuring graduates and undergraduates of all colleges, male and female, that blatherskite, whether written or spoken, is a bad thing; that far from being a health-giving eruption, it is a symptom of disease; that so far from being a sign of rich or vigorous nature, or of very red blood, it is simply a sign of ignorance and barbarism. The reason why the Hon. P. L. Slider talks blatherskite, and works himself into a perspiration while he is doing it, is that he does not know any better. Spread-eagle oratory is not peculiar to "new countries," and is not a mark of a vigorous national life. It is simply a mark of want of culture. If you give a French country *maire* a little practice in public speaking, put him on the stump, and tell him to discourse of the destiny of France, he will treat you to just such harangues as you hear from Mr. Slider on the Fourth of July. If you ask an English mechanic to declaim at a debating club on the rights of labor, or the evils of primogeniture, his rhetoric will exhibit all the flowers from which Colonel Higginson draws such pleasant inferences as to the fertility of the soil. The Attica of Pericles and Demosthenes was in every sense of the word a

"new country"—far newer than any State in this Union is now, or has ever been; but this did not prevent the Parthenon from being a perfect building, the Philipics the despair of the modern orator, and the style of Thucydides as good a style as the world has yet seen. Nothing can be more preposterous than the notion which associates rant with vigor or earnestness, or excellence of form with weakness or apathy. The best work of the world is done by culture, and has always been done by culture, and will always be done by culture; it is amongst the uncultivated that most apathy, and indifference, and obstructiveness are now found, and have always been found; and one of the marks of culture is the careful adaptation of means to ends, or, in other words, skill in the use of one's weapons. It is the duty of professors who teach the use of language to teach young men first of all to be accurate and truthful—that is, not to say five when they mean three, and to avoid discoursing on stumps, in lyceums, and in monthly magazines, on themes they do not understand, inasmuch as this is a species of imposture which hurts the soul; to cultivate clear thinking as the essential condition of clear writing, and therefore to avoid situations in which they will be called on to rant, or talk against time, or maintain paradoxes, for the amusement of a crowd; to remember that the world has always been happy and prosperous in proportion as it has been governed by reason and not by noise; that, next to tyrants, the worst foes of mankind have been talkative and maudlin demagogues; that men and women are as much responsible for the use they make of their tongues as of their other members; and that the great difference—the greatest—between man and the lower animals is, that he uses his voice to express thought, they theirs to show how they feel.

Correspondence.

YALE COLLEGE AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The question whether the graduates of Yale College shall be admitted to a part in the management of that institution, and, if this shall be thought expedient, in what form the change should be made, has become a topic of lively controversy, as the proceedings at the late Commencement at New Haven sufficiently prove. Allow me to set down a few observations bearing on this subject, and, for the sake of brevity and clearness, let me place them in distinct paragraphs.

1. This proposition has met with no resistance from the existing authorities of the college. It emanated from President Woolsey, the head of the Corporation as well as of the Faculties. Before he made the suggestion in the *New Englander*, no demand of the sort was ever made, and, it may be added, no complaint on the subject was ever heard. An able writer (in the *New Englander* for April, 1869) brought forward objections to the plan of electing trustees by votes of graduates, but he did not resist the admission of graduates to the Corporation by a method that he considered less likely to breed faction and to be attended by other mischievous results. Of the committee whose report was discussed at the recent alumni meeting, Professor Porter did not express himself in opposition to the proposed change, but preferred to leave the question entirely at the disposal of the alumni themselves. Mr. Evarts and President Stillé declined to recommend the adoption of the plan first suggested by President Woolsey. There is no ground, therefore, for the supposition, if there be any who entertain it, that the Corporation or the professors have exerted themselves in opposition to the effort to bring the alumni into a more active connection with the administration of the college. They probably have their opinions, and, perhaps, a variety of opinions, as to the just and feasible method of accomplishing the end; but the end itself they have no wish to defeat.

2. It is a matter for regret that the resolutions calling for the appointment of a general alumni committee, and looking to a permanent organization of the graduates for the purpose of aiding the college and influencing its policy, were postponed until next year. Had not the previous discussion been so prolonged as to weary the meeting, and had the interpretation that would naturally be put upon a vote of postponement been anticipated, the decision would probably have been different. It is to be regretted, also, that the friends of the measure did not appear at the proper time and place to oppose the postponement, instead of denouncing, when it was too late, the doings of a meeting at which they might have been present to maintain their cause. But the point to which I wish to call attention is, that the resolutions came from the resident alumni com-

mittee, which is largely composed of professors, and they were introduced by Professor Porter.

3. Reflections upon the clerical portion of the Corporation on account of alleged faults in the administration of the college—I say nothing of the propriety of such attacks as a question of taste—are unjust. These attacks are coupled with earnest laudation of President Woolsey. But President Woolsey is the leading and most influential member of the Corporation. He has never been thwarted or hindered by that body in any of his plans and measures for the improvement of the college. He has, moreover, himself, on every occasion when he has suggested a change in the constitution of this body, taken pains to declare his full confidence in the qualifications of the clerical members for their office, and given emphatical testimony to the falsehood of aspersions cast upon them. He founded his suggestion of a change on one consideration, and one only—namely, that six of the alumni would be likely to be more efficient and useful than the six *ex-officio* members from the State Senate. It is well known that in Yale College the president and faculties have a larger measure of practical control over its management than is the case in most other colleges; and I believe that the growth and prosperity of the institution have been very much due to this fact. Censure of the clerical members of the Corporation is, therefore, misplaced.

4. The clerical members of the Corporation are the representatives of founders; they have guarded the funds of the college with unexampled success; they have administered its affairs, on the whole, with unsurpassed wisdom and efficiency. If anybody supposes that by hard and contemptuous words they can be moved to abdicate their rights, and hand over the institution which they and their predecessors have carried to the present condition of strength and usefulness, to persons who think themselves wiser, he will learn his mistake. Such a course on the part of the advocates of "reform" will be much more likely to awaken among the sober-minded graduates of the college, who are scattered over the land, a spirit of indignation and of resistance which will baffle, for the time at least, even the reasonable hopes of change. The alumni should come into some relation to the college, by which their counsels can be heard and their influence felt in all the weight that is due to it; but this desirable consummation will not be furthered by flippant reflections upon the present legal guardians of the college, or by futile attempts to dislodge them from their places. Good sense, disinterestedness, and education are not confined to cities, nor are they the exclusive possession of young lawyers.

5. The analogies of Harvard College should be cited with caution in considering the case of an institution which, though like it in many respects, is still different in its constitution and traditions. The Board of Overseers at Harvard is not the primary governing body, but a body possessed of inferior authority. The President, with the close corporation of five persons, initiate measures and appointments, and hold the government mainly in their hands. The choice of the Overseers by the alumni was a means of separating the college from what were there the positive evils of a partial subjection to the State. Besides, Harvard has the advantage of having a great part of its alumni in its immediate neighborhood, with the means, consequently, of keeping up an acquaintance with the condition and wants of the college; and many of these are engaged in literary pursuits. In each of these particulars Yale is differently placed. Her graduates are dispersed throughout the Union. Many of them are closely identified with other colleges, and, for this reason, obviously disqualified from sharing in the government of Yale. Facts might easily be given to illustrate impressively the nature of this disqualification. I make these remarks simply by way of caution to the individuals who seem to think that it is only requisite to ascertain what has been done at Harvard, and who thus find their satisfaction in inapposite precedents.

6. It is to be hoped that these *quasi*-political discussions—discussions about the structure of the government—will not withdraw attention from the immediate necessities of the college. There is room for improvement, and suggestions in this direction may be made and urged, even before the projected change in the government is effected. Professor Dwight, in the *New Englander* for July of this year, has pointed out the need of a work of unification, by which the various schools and departments of the university shall be brought into better connection and relations with one another. To this end it is necessary that the time and attention of the president should not be to so great a degree absorbed on the undergraduate department, but that he should preside over the university as a whole, making the interests of each and every department an object of equal care. I venture to point out the need of another improvement, and the way in which

it may be made. Yale College is strong in philology; it is strong in science; the school of theology has made rapid progress of late; the art-school has been set in operation. Notwithstanding the criticisms which are freely thrown out in various quarters, the last fifteen years have witnessed a noble progress at Yale—a progress of which any university might be proud. Where Yale is not so strong as it should be is in modern literature, English and Continental. There is need of a reinforcement in these studies by an addition to the number of professors. In fact, an increase in the number of professors, in other branches also, in the undergraduate department, is a prime necessity. It must be refreshing to the little band of hard-working professors to be publicly lectured by youthful graduates upon the duty of seeing more of the students individually and cultivating the society of their pupils! But I promised to say how the improvement in question may be made. It is by an increase of the rate of tuition. If fifty dollars were added to the present rate (which is only ninety dollars), twenty-five thousand dollars would be added at a stroke to the income of the college. If it were deemed requisite, ten thousand dollars of this amount might be set apart for the relief of students who are not able to pay the additional sum. This would pay the fifty dollars for two hundred students, and leave a fund sufficient to support, at the present rate of salaries, five new professors. The departments of history and modern literature might thus be strengthened; and I do not believe that a student would leave Yale, and I doubt whether a student would be deterred from coming to Yale, in consequence of the change. It is strange that a college which urgently needs more professors and cannot adequately support such as it has, refuses to charge a great body of students, who have abundant pecuniary means, more than a fraction of the cost of their education, when it could (comparatively speaking) enrich itself, without adding a feather to the burdens of the class of students who are poor. I presume to make one more recommendation. By reference to the annual catalogue, it will be seen that the Sheffield Scientific School is one section of what is called the "Department of Philosophy and the Arts." There is a second section, described on page 62 of the catalogue, the section of "Philosophy, Philology, Mathematics." This is a post-graduate or university department, but, unhappily, it has little life, except on paper. It should be developed and put in efficient operation. It is true that the work of the professors in this field would be, for the present, mostly a labor of love, and a work for which they have little time to spare. But the importance of organizing this branch of the university is great enough to counterbalance all difficulties and objections. If courses of lectures by Professors Whitney, Hadley, Porter, and others were established, and the fact widely advertised, so as to be brought to the knowledge of graduates of other colleges, of teachers, and the public generally, no one has a right to say that success would not follow. The example of the Sheffield Scientific School shows what may be done where there is faith, and faith attended by works—by energetic efforts.

These are some of the channels through which improvement should be sought; and they are preferable, as I humbly think, to sensational devices which have been recommended—including that of running after President Grant's son, and that of securing the presence of titled foreigners at the family festivals of Alma Mater. Yale has had a worthy history. It has had, and still has, as large a proportion of qualified and successful teachers as any other similar institution. And of these, many of the most eminent, let me add—as is also the case at Harvard—have been selected in their youth and have grown up in the college. The names of Day, Silliman, Kingsley, Fitch, of the former faculty; such names as Woolsey, Hadley, Whitney, among the active instructors to-day, prove the assertion. If the management of the college hereafter shall be as good as it has been, on the whole, in the past, the graduates will not have cause to feel ashamed of the institution where they were trained. M. A.

MR. FESSENDEN'S SUCCESSOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The contest for the United States senatorship, shortly to be vacant in Maine—the successful candidate for which will be Mr. Fessenden's successor, since the present occupant of the chair was only appointed until the expiration of the term—has about it such peculiar elements, both political and personal; there is so great probability that it may be an early step in the organization of a reform party, destined, sooner or later, to control the legislation and reform the politics of the country, that it may be profitable, with your permission, to review the previous career of the several candidates for the nomination, and to give a summary view of the present aspect of the struggle.

Mr. Morrill, who was appointed to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Fessenden's death, is the most prominent candidate for the succession, if by that expression we may understand that he has the greatest chance for success. He is a man of fair but not remarkable ability; an early, firm, and consistent Republican, when to be Republican was apparently to belong to a hopeless minority; a Republican right or wrong—that is to say, one whose highest political idea appears to be a desire for the success of the Republican party rather than for the success of the political theories to the consistent advocacy of which the Republican party alone owes all the success which it has ever had, and all the good reputation which history may accord to it. Though we may be mistaken in our estimate of Mr. Morrill, we certainly do him no injustice when we say this *appears* to be his idea, and the record of his votes in late Congresses affords fair ground for the opinion. Mr. Morrill has represented his State in the Senate for several terms, being defeated at the last canvass by Mr. Hamlin—a result which was rather due to the superior “management” of his competitor than to any want of confidence on the part of his constituents. For the rest, he is a protectionist, and has certainly given no public indication that he approves of civil service reform.

A second candidate is Mr. Israel Washburn, formerly member of Congress, afterwards, for most of the war, a most energetic and successful governor of the State, now for several years collector of Portland, one of the best offices in New England. He is of the “Washburn family,” which has won such various distinction all over the Union. Mr. Washburn is considered, by those who know him best, decidedly the ablest member of this remarkable family. He is, at any rate, a man of marked ability and legislative experience, and, so far as these qualities go, would be no unworthy successor even to Mr. Fessenden. Unfortunately, however, he, like Mr. Morrill, is not in active sympathy with the new ideas which are now to give meaning and vitality to politics. It is believed that Mr. Washburn is stoutly opposed to that change in our system which we call revenue reform, and he has never declared himself in favor of a reform in the civil service. The gravest objection to his candidacy is, that he is said to be not the candidate of the people, but of a ring; for even in the Puritan State of Maine the Republican party has become so demoralized by long success as to share even this last ignominy of politics. Whether this is true or not, it is admitted on all hands that Mr. Washburn is not the spontaneous choice of the majority of the Republicans of the State.

The third candidate in the Republican party is General Chamberlain, now governor of the State. General Chamberlain's brief career is now so well known to the country, that a brief recapitulation of it only is all that is necessary for our purposes. A professor in Bowdoin College at the outbreak of the war, he early received the position of lieutenant-colonel in a volunteer regiment, rising with rapidity to the distinguished honor of a promotion to general on the field of battle. At the conclusion of the war, General Chamberlain was nominated governor at a convention of the Republican party, against the bitter and hardly concealed opposition of all the wire-pullers of his party. He has now held the office for four terms, and has administered it with such thorough ability and independence that, without wavering in the slightest degree from the firmest Republican principles, he has won the approval of candid men of all parties. During all these years, however, the politicians have waged unceasing war upon him. Not being able to mould him to their own narrow views, they have attacked him in every possible way, and have only been defeated in conventions by their fear of opposing the openly expressed opinion of the majority of the party. At the last convention of the Republican party, Gov. Chamberlain was not a candidate for governor, having retired from the canvass for reasons of his own, and under the advice of his friends. He is, however, a candidate for the Senate, and has friends enough to give him no inconsiderable place in the contest. To render our view of the situation complete, it is necessary to say that the younger members of the Democratic party of Maine, composing the majority of its last State convention, have publicly declared their willingness and their wish to accept Gov. Chamberlain as an independent candidate for governor, if he would only accept such a nomination. Hitherto this flattering offer has been declined, although it carries with it apparently the certainty of an election to the United States Senate on an equally independent platform.

Such are the three candidates for Mr. Fessenden's succession in the Republican party. We mention no Democrat, it being admitted on all sides that the choice must be made from the names which we have mentioned. On the one hand are two old politicians, who may be said

to divide between themselves all the party organization of the State—Mr. Morrill, from his long and intimate connection with State politics, having a very powerful body of adherents, among whom are some of the most astute politicians in the State; while Mr. Washburn, aside from the very considerable force which, in virtue of his office, he has at his command, is also understood to have the potent alliance of Vice-President Hamlin—a man who has hitherto been the great political power of the State.

The situation, it will be seen, is somewhat peculiar. Here are three candidates, against whom little can be urged on the score of character or qualifications, and in view of such a state of affairs it would certainly seem that the chances for Chamberlain's success were decidedly few. All the “organization” of the party is against him; all the “war-horses” and wire-pullers are opposed to him; and there is not a single member of Congress who will dare to declare himself in his favor. In spite of all these disadvantages, his prospects are by no means unfavorable. This will not seem strange to any philosophical observer of politics since the happy conclusion of the war. The times have changed, and we change with them. The questions which now divide intelligent and thoughtful voters are very different from the vexed questions of 1861 and 1869. The division line between honest Republicans and honest Democrats is at last a vanishing line. The issues upon which the Republican party was originated, for which it fought its fight, and for which it will always be gratefully remembered by the country, are now settled, and the other issues, which are the questions of to-day and to-morrow, have nothing whatever to do with the principles of either the Republican or the Democratic party, as they have hitherto been stated. What holds together the Republican party of to-day? Does anything else than the memory of past successes deservedly won, the force and power of a complete and thorough organization, and a frantic and desperate desire to retain possession of the offices which it now holds? What is the Democratic party fighting for? Is it actuated by any sincere desire for a reform in the administration of affairs, or is it only struggling for the control of the innumerable offices of whose revenues it has been so long deprived? These appear, at any rate, to be the only aims and ends of these two great organizations, and it is therefore not unnatural that honest and thoughtful men of both parties should be looking about for some common ground upon which they can unite in this emergency without doing violence to each other's opinions. Many young Republicans of Maine—and we know that their ideas are not unlike those of many old and young Republicans elsewhere—have determined, so we are informed by some of them, who, we have good reason to believe, fairly represent the friends of Gov. Chamberlain, upon a simple platform, which may be briefly summarized in these propositions:

1st. That civil service reform is vital to the existence and prosperity of the country.

2d. That tariffs should be arranged with a view to the collection of revenue only.

3d. That special legislation of all kinds should be absolutely prohibited.

Upon such a plain declaration of principles, the friends of Gov. Chamberlain may reasonably hope to unite all honest men who believe in these ideas, and for such a platform there can be no doubt that a large majority of the Republicans of Maine would vote if they could only be emancipated from partisan dictation. It has been said that the State of Maine fairly earned the motto of its coat-of-arms, “Dirigo,” in being the first State in which the Republican party was successfully organized. Let us hope that it may renew its claim to the device, in taking the first active and successful steps to the formation of the great reform party of the future.

M. M.

PORTLAND, July 20.

PENNSYLVANIA IDIOMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your literary note on p. 56 of No. 265, and some other notices of local words which have occasionally appeared in the *Nation*, have raised the hope that you will some day, in a more serious article, warn your readers of the importance of losing no time (too much has been lost already) in gathering up the fragments that remain of the ancient speech of our fathers. It is a work in which every one can assist if he will but be accurate, confine himself to what he hears, and give us, beside the meaning, the exact habitat and pronunciation of the word. In this last will probably be found the greatest difficulty. No system of phonetic spelling has yet been devised which is quite satisfactory, and in this country,

where there is such variety in the vowel sounds of different "sections," the difficulty may be greater even than in England, where some of the very best authorities are now at work on the problem. All that I would venture to do is to call the attention of the excellent philologists who sometimes write for the *Nation* to the value of the material which, for want of collectors, we are in danger of losing.

Many of the words which the writer in the *Educational Monthly* whom you quote ascribes to the Scotch-Irish settlers of a certain portion of the Susquehanna Valley are by no means peculiar to that region, but I have been familiar with them, from my youth up, in Philadelphia and in Burlington, N. J., both settled in great part by English Quakers.

"Cot-betty," not "cot," was what our old cook called us when we bothered her in the kitchen—perhaps "quean" had too opprobrious a meaning, and "betty" was simply feminine, without being necessarily bad. "Mosey" I have often heard; "piece" never, in the sense you give. "Parcel," is not unusual here. "Mammock" is new to me, though the dictionaries have it. "Infare" I never heard; "flitting" only amongst the North-Irish and the Scotch, it does not belong to our dialect. "Scutching," "miching," "little noon," "big noon," are unknown to me, except the first, and that only in one family. "Nan" was not infrequent when I was a boy, but it has lately become obsolete, or very nearly so. "Hippen" does not belong to us. "Belly-guts" still survives. (Your *belles-gouttes* is very ingenious.) "It don't signify" is pure Philadelphian. So is "saddy," though I never saw it spelt before. I remember once asking my mother what it meant, and her reply, "save ye," but I have since learned that the more plausible an etymology is, the more likely it is to be false. Possibly the "*salve præceptor*" of the schoolboy had something to do with it—we stuck to our Cordery pretty late in this slow place. If "*salve*," however, was generally a word of salutation or of parting, yet it sometimes did have the effect of a "God bless you," as to one sneezing, for example. "Nesh" is old English—"for love his herte is tender and neshe" (Chaucer, *Court of Love*)—but I never heard it used here. "Brash" I have met with amongst farmers in some parts of the interior of the State, not in the city. "Chellers" I know not. To "ruck up" is common here; so is "fouty." See the latter in Todd's Johnson, syn. "despicable." The definition of "ruck" n. s. *lb.* is also to the point, and that convenient little book, "Jenkins's Handy Lexicon," I see also gives the adjective, "rumpled or wrinkled." To "sock" is certainly "to hit with a ball," and is the only single word in use in these parts, as far as I know, to express this action.

If some competent person, or say some society, will undertake to receive the contributions of word-collectors, a good deal may be done. It will be necessary, especially in large towns, to distinguish carefully between the new-comers and the descendants of the first settlers. The unadulterated Philadelphian, for instance, is not so common as he used to be, but I believe that I can detect him and his inherited idioms, without any doubt.

T. S.

PHILADELPHIA.

Notes.

LITERARY.

DR. D. G. BRINTON's article, in the *Bibliopolist*, on the ancient phonetic alphabet of Yucatan, has been reprinted by Mr. Sabin in pamphlet form. It is valuable as containing the alphabet of Bishop Landa, which, imperfect as it is, seems destined to prove the key to the inscriptions and manuscripts in the Maya language, the former of which abound almost inexhaustibly in the peninsula. We have also received from Dr. Brinton a copy of M. H. de Charencey's "Attempt to Decipher a Fragment of an Inscription at Palenque," extracted from the first volume of the "*Actes de la Société Philologique*," to the importance of which Dr. Brinton calls attention in his own brochure. It is, in fact, a fine specimen of scientific and critical interpretation, and if the result reached is sound, it fixes the antiquity of the monuments bearing the inscription—an antiquity much less than might be supposed, considering the convulsions of nature to which the cities of Yucatan were subjected. "Palenque's period of splendor," says the French author, "we may be sure goes back no farther than five or six centuries before the Spanish conquest." M. de Charencey's views of the origin of the American races, which he seems to intimate will shortly form the subject of an elaborate treatise, will be looked for with interest, based, as they will no doubt be, on philological deductions.

—Virginia has been a not wholly agreeable spectacle since the close of the war, but the conduct of her young men in filling anew her colleges must have given real satisfaction to all who have observed it. We count it not a bad symptom, either, that fewer of them came North to be educated; and though they or their parents may have hoped they would thus be guarded against Northern ideas, there could not be, we all know, a more harmless illusion. Gen. Lee's College, and the University of Virginia, and the College of William and Mary, are co-workers with Yale and Harvard, distinguishable only on the scale of efficiency. The oldest of the three, the College of William and Mary, being an Episcopal establishment, and a sort of "seminary of ministers of the Gospel," according to its foundation, is least frequented. Its vitality, however, under repeated reverses, has made it remarkable, and might easily excuse a bequest from one who had no particular sympathy with its sectarianism. An interesting sketch of the history of the College from its commencement in 1693–1700, has been published by Messrs. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, from which it appears that its main building has been three times destroyed by fire—in 1705, 1859, 1862—and as many times restored on the same site and with the same walls, the original plan of which was Sir Christopher Wren's. Their British Majesties bestowed upon the College, with other gifts, twenty thousand acres of land, in consideration of an annual payment, to the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor of the Dominion, of two copies of Latin verses; and so many liberal benefactors followed the royal examples, that in 1776 the College was the richest in America. The library that was consumed in 1859 contained "many rare and curious books, with some manuscripts, chiefly presented by Kings, Archbishops, Bishops, and Governors;" and with the cabinet of apparatus were lost instruments more than a century old, the gift of the Colonial House of Burgesses. During the Revolution the College was forced to suspend, in 1781, and before the siege of Yorktown its buildings were occupied alternately by the British, French, and American troops. Eighty years later it again suspended, on account of the rebellion—ninety per cent. of its students imitating Bishop Polk in taking the field. The Confederates used it while they might as a barrack and a hospital till Williamsburg was evacuated in the peninsular campaign (May, 1862), and it appears certain that some Pennsylvania troops who then held it, and suffered themselves to be surprised by the enemy, on recovering their ground set fire to the College, as if in revenge. Not even did this put an end to it; and we are led to infer that it has now as many pupils as ever it had, and, thanks largely to Northern justice and generosity, a better equipment. It still adheres to its charter in employing only six professors, whose chairs, it may well be imagined, have undergone some strange alterations in name in order to keep pace with the growth of science. While eminently successful in turning out Presidents and statesmen, the College was less fortunate with its Indian protégés, to whose instruction it was, like Harvard, partly dedicated. "Abundance of them used to die," often, as was surmised, "for want of proper necessities, and due care taken with them," and the rest relapsed "into idolatry and barbarism." Mr. Sibley's Harvard biographies, by the way, will contain the life of one (we believe the only) Indian graduate of that University.

—The literature of the religious press certainly furnishes now and again some things that are amazing. The *English Churchman* last month described the sufferings of the country under the stress of drought, and recommends prayers for rain, and then puts the following question: "Is it going a step too far to regard the national distress in respect of these things as a divine judgment on the nation for having plundered the church of God in Ireland last year?" The *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that there ought to be a more visible connection than this would argue between the sin and the punishment, to the end that the lesson might be the more conspicuous and the good effect proportionately greater. The sin was done in 1869, the *Gazette* points out, and the penalty is not inflicted till 1870. To this the *Churchman* might, however, readily reply, that not only is the *Gazette's* way of treating the subject odious and repulsive by reason of its irreverence, but also is silly in point of sense and judgment. For droughts you must take the summer, and the wickedness of the late summer or early autumn of 1869 must clearly be settled for in the summer next ensuing and not the preceding summer. The suggestion which would probably have then come from the *Gazette*, that a hard winter would have done just as well as a dry summer, the *Churchman* might fairly have disregarded as an attempt to pry into the secrets of the counsels of Providence. What appears at first blush a better point the *Gazette* makes when it calls on the *Churchman* to observe that France, which had nothing to do with disestablishment, has been suffering even more than

Great Britain for want of rain. But how can the *Gazette* know, the *Churchman* may well enquire, that in the latter part of 1869, or winter of 1869-70, France did not do something quite as heinous as disestablishment? Certainly, nearly all her higher clergy opposed the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility, and there is high authority for believing that opponents of that necessary article deserve all manner of roasting.

—Messrs. Tinsley & Co., of London, have reprinted a series of letters written for the *Times* by a gentleman who made for that paper a study of the state of religious thought in Germany. His letters were extremely interesting, and very well worth reproduction, though it is, of course, impossible to say that he is absolutely correct in his conclusions, and easy to see that his subject is one in the treatment of which there is a peculiar liability to mistake. When we hold a religious belief, we are apt to hold it hard, and to overestimate, if not its eternal, at least its temporal importance. Doubtless, a man who looks at Universalism, say, or Ritualism, from the outside, may think that movement a mere eddy in which the Ritualist or the Universalist sees a main current of influence. There are, we suppose, more men to-day than ever before since the Christian era, who are absolutely indifferent, unbiassed, impartial, as regards the claims of the various churches, and who are all but utterly indifferent to all religion. They are not many, however; it is still one of the rarest things in the world to find an observer of religious phenomena who can make of them an unbiassed observation and a colorless report. But the correspondent we mention appears to be quite honest, and there is, at least, some confirmation from other sources of the story which he tells. In brief, he announces that all educated Germans are atheists. Everybody will recollect that, a while ago, a young fellow, named Biland, walked into a church, and, when the clergyman was about to read the creed, shot him. Biland had himself been intended for the ministry, but was extremely averse, as we may imagine, to the pursuit of that calling, and not finding it easy to get a living in any other, and seeing before him no other prospect but preaching, he determined on rectifying and settling his affairs in the manner above-mentioned. On his first trial, he avowed himself an atheist, expressed his contempt of the clergy, and his opinion that their extermination would be well for mankind, but said that, if set free, he would not repeat his attempt at murder, because he had come to the conclusion that to kill one minister only would do no good. Now, the educated Germans, says the *Times* correspondent, differ from young Biland only in not being fanatical. They do not propose to kill clergymen; but that they are unbelievers they avow. "A Christian teacher is to them pretty much as a teacher of Buddhism or Mohammedanism. He is the official advocate of an effete superstition kept up by the authorities for political purposes, and is either an ignorant fanatic or a transparent hypocrite." So the Berliner smokes his pipe and drinks his beer and laughs, and, though he has not a pistol for him, will point you to Pastor Knak, who tells the world that the men of science may say what they like about the world's going round the sun, but he reads his Bible, for his part, and knows better, and "is as happy as a child." The state, in Prussia, is closely connected with the church, and the Prussian school system is made, to a great extent, subservient to the church, so that, our authority says, it is not unusual in some places for four times as many hours to be spent upon religious instruction as upon secular. But when the young man goes to the university, he is taught that all this religious instruction is based upon exploded theories, and he casts off his belief. We are not told what is the result in the case of young men who do not take a university course, but seemingly it is not much different; in Berlin there is a population of 800,000, and there is church accommodation for 25,000, and the churches are not filled. The writer gives it as his opinion that, were the state and the church divorced, the latter would fall into complete contempt. It is apparent that it would not have to fall far. Such being the state of things in the birth-place of Protestantism, the Roman Catholics, of course, exert themselves to catch souls in the rebound, and have good success in tendering to a certain sort of people a thoroughgoing faith in place of continual free enquiry. Fifteen years ago, the number of monks and nuns in Prussia was 960; six years ago, it was 5,259. It is expected, but not, we should think, with probability, that the promulgation of the infallibility dogma will be of injury to the Catholic cause among the Germans, and the more liberal German Catholics opposed it, as we know; but the rationalists tell both parties, and the Protestants also, that they may twist texts as they like, but there is really nothing they can do to make themselves more or less acceptable, for they are alike radically irrational, and with nothing to choose between them.

—Among noteworthy scientific works of recent publication in Europe, we may mention, first, "Travels in the Philippine Islands," by Prof.

Semper. The author spent seven years of study and research among these islands, whose fauna had already been described by Cuming. Starting with the project of merely filling out some portions left incomplete by that author, Dr. Semper gradually extended the field of his labors so as to include a full account of the fauna and zoölogy of that region. The work, which is to be completed in six volumes, with one thousand illustrations, is published by Kreidel at Wiesbaden. Another professor at Würzburg has written a new work on land and fresh-water shells, in which he acknowledges notable aid and contributions received from Deshayes, of Paris; Matheson, of Marseilles; Roulet, of Toulouse; F. Edwards, London; and Tschermak, of Vienna—all distinguished conchologists. A kindred work is a catalogue *raisonné* of the inland mollusks of Germany, by Carl Kreglinger. A more remarkable book than any of the preceding is on the cephalopods of the Silurian regions, an octavo volume of 480 pages, written in the French language, and published in Prague. The author, M. Joachim Barrande, a distinguished graduate of the École Polytechnique, was for many years tutor of the Duke of Bordeaux, and followed his royal pupil into exile. Establishing himself at Prague, he resided for some time in the imperial palace of the Hradschin, and gave the long and patient devotion of years to his favorite science, geology, for the study of which Bohemia presents peculiar facilities by reason of the remarkable continuity and development of its primitive formations. Drawings of an immense number of fossils discovered by M. Barrande, and the greater part of which were until then unknown, are given in the work, together with descriptions following the chronological order of the strata in which they were found. The cost of the original work—the result of thirty years' labor on the part of its author, and of valuable contributions from other distinguished men of science—is stated to be from 150,000 to 180,000 francs per volume. At such a price it is within the reach of large libraries only, and M. Barrande therefore presents this *resumé* (an octavo of 480 pages), in which the fossils are enumerated and described according to the horizontal or vertical divisions of their origin, thus enabling the student to follow them in synchronistic deposits.

—One of the latest of many histories of German literature is by Hettner. Its first volume was published five years ago, and the third is lately out. The author gives notable extension to the limits and elements we have been accustomed to assign to the famous *Sturm und Drang*—storm and pressure—period. He includes, as within its influence, Herder, Gerstenberg, Goethe (as far as his "Italian Journey") and his imitators; also, "Maler" Müller and Heinse, Schiller (down to 1787), the dramatic school represented by Schröder, Fleck, and Iffland; the novelists, such as Hippel, Miller, Lichtenberg, and Merck, besides the sentimental philosophers and the pietistic enthusiasts. This view of Herr Hettner certainly opens room for discussion; for, although it is very certain that Schröder, Hippel, Miller, Merck, and many others *ejusdem farinae*, may be properly catalogued under a *Sturm und Drang* title, it is also very doubtful if Iffland, Lichtenberg, and Musceus should be. Wolfgang Menzel somewhere says that Goethe's "Werther" is nothing more than Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse" in a German dress. M. Hettner appears to entertain the same idea amplified, when he says that Rousseau's religion of nature (*Natureangelium*) is to be regarded as the radical idea (*die eigentliche Wurzel*) of the *Sturm und Drang* period.

—Two late works equally interesting to the artist, the archæologist, and the historian, have just appeared in Paris. One is: "La Colonne Trajane, interprétée par Wilhelm Fröhner, Conservateur-adjoint au département des Antiques au Musée du Louvre." The other is: "Les Frises du Parthenon, par Phidias. Vingt-deux planches." In 1861 and 1862, by order of the French Emperor, the bas-reliefs of the column of Trajan were all taken in sectional casts, and reproduced by a galvanoplastic process, and then photographed in the Louvre with great care and marked success. These photograph plates again reproduced on copper have been beautifully printed and given with M. Fröhner's work. The pictorial history of Roman conquest in Dacia and of the victorious march of Trajan's legions may now be read with greater ease and far better result than it generally has been by the American traveller in Rome just emerging from fruitless application at the Pontifical post-office for letters from home. In such cases, we have frequently remarked, he generally sought consolation in contemplating the column. The work will be completed in fifty-four monthly numbers at ten francs each. The figures in the plates are one-fifth the size of those in the column, so that every, even the smallest, detail is reproduced. The illustrations of the Parthenon friezes are prepared by the same artists (Arosa & Co.) who print the Trajan bas-reliefs, and are beautifully rendered in chromo-lithography.

PRIMITIVE MAN.*

AN energetic protest has lately been made in France against "popularizing science," and it would seem that the protest was needed in some quarters, and in particular by the author of "Primitive Man." We say this with sincere regret, and against our own expectation. The previous works of M. Figuier ("The Insect World," "Ocean World," "Vegetable World," etc.) were, in spite of many defects and inaccuracies, very readable and instructive. The present work is confused, verbose, illogical, and in many cases misleading, and, aside from the detail of bare facts, presents us with only two points of value: first, the historical account of the various discoveries and investigations upon the subject (though even this lacks a complete reference to their date and manner of publication); and, second, excellent and apparently trustworthy figures of implements of war, the chase, agriculture, etc., which were found with the remains of prehistoric men and animals. Perhaps the beautiful representations of the people themselves and their surroundings are equally worthy; but their style is confessedly "Raphaelesque" to an absurd degree, and there is an almost laughable incongruity between the perfect beauty and grace of the faces and forms of these primitive men and women and their rude, not to say filthy, manner of life. However, the graphic character and real artistic excellence tend to redeem the general dullness of the text. We are aware that many otherwise excellent books are annually printed lacking that most essential feature, a copious index. But we were wholly unprepared for its absence in a work purporting to be written, translated, and revised by competent hands, and issued by a leading publishing-house. We trust the time is not far distant when a good index shall be a prerequisite to the printing, reviewing, and reading of all other than works of pure fiction. Carefully to review a book without an index is, indeed, an impossibility, and in order to test fairly the merits of "Primitive Man" we have spent much time in making a rough index for reference to the principal matters; but lest it be thought that this extra labor has biased our judgment of the work itself, we will now allude to some of the leading subjects of criticism.

The statements of *facts* are, in all cases, made upon the authority of original investigators, but they are unsystematically presented and few references are given to enable us to verify the accuracy of the translation or transcription. The *opinions* of our author, however, and his conclusions from the facts stated we are compelled to call in question as often unfounded, and still more often as wholly inconsistent with opinions or statements elsewhere given.

Most of these examples occur in connection with the question of the mode of origin of men and animals, to which the author devotes the whole of Chapter I., and to which he refers on pages 39, 82, 183, and 290, although he was not obliged to discuss it, and offers no fact on either side. He "strongly repudiates" the doctrine that man, by insensible transformation and gradual developments and improvements, is derived from some other animal species, and "particularly the ape" (p. 26). He cites Lamarck as the originator of the theory in 1801, whereas it was first propounded in 1775 by De Maillet. The opinions of those who believe in derivative theories he calls the "allegations of certain anatomists imbued with contrary ideas." These "certain anatomists" are demolished by him in the persons of Huxley and Vogt, who are certainly very able and aggressive derivationists, but who also are the least likely to find themselves so easily "beaten" as is stated on page 27. Most of Chapter I. is devoted to quotations from Quatrefages and others against the derivation theory, which is variously styled a "degrading explanation of our origin" (p. 39), "absolutely worthless" (p. 37), and only true in the "false and trivial judgment of those short-sighted savants" "who seek to veil their absurd ideas" of the "genealogical filiation between man and the ape" under "grand scientific phrases" (p. 183). Now all this is simply amusing, since, whether the derivative theory is "false and absurd" or not, nine-tenths of the present leaders in science are inclined to adopt it in one form or another. Moreover, M. Figuier, like nearly all violent opposers of "derivation theories," has not discriminated between them, and hurls his anathemas at all alike. Now the fact is that the hypothesis of Darwin is very different from that of Lamarck, and both differ from that of Owen and Parsons, while these and all others are unlike that of Ferris in that this last supposes the change to be a sudden one and independent of the ordinary generation, the creative influx flowing directly into germs produced by females of lower species so as to give rise to higher, just as at the beginning it caused the simplest organisms to spring from the womb

of mother earth. The necessity for some such hypothesis as this is dimly hinted at by our author (p. 32). We may leave this subject with the remark which will surely be agreed to by all searchers for truth who, like ourselves, are not yet committed to any theory of the origin of species, that if the various derivative hypotheses are as yet unsupported by a single "solid fact" (p. 37), the same is to be said of any other theory as to the manner in which the bodies of men and animals first came to exist. And we may all bear in mind the words of Professor Gray: "In respect to very many questions, a truly wise man remains long in a state of neither belief nor unbelief; but your intellectually short-sighted people are apt to be prematurely clear-sighted, and to find their way very quickly to one or the other side of every mooted question."

Man's primitive condition bears close relation to all theories of his origin, and here, curiously enough, we find the dogmatic assertion that the latter question must now be "decided as far as regards any unprejudiced minds" (p. 38), confronted (p. 39) by the statements that, "at the earliest period of his existence, man could have been but little distinguished from the brute;" "his only food must have been fruits and roots." All of which is an alarmingly favorable opinion for his simial origin. In view of this, it is strange that the author does not call attention to the curious fact that no bones of monkeys have ever been found with those of prehistoric men, excepting in a Brazilian cave, as given by him on page 9, where, however, he fails to notice that the original memoir states that the single specimen, like all existing American Cheiropoda, had *thirty six* teeth, whereas the men of both hemispheres have but *thirty two*, like the apes and monkeys of the Old World. But, on the other hand, this is only negative evidence, and it may be said that the first men not only lived upon roots and fruits like their apish progenitors, but also, like them, left their dead to decay so that no traces would remain. For it may be remarked that the most conclusive evidences of prehistoric man are the presence of human bones in caves or artificial tombs in conjunction with the bones of fossil animals which had presumably served as materials for funeral feasts.

Nothing can better illustrate the unscientific character of "Primitive Man" than the contrast between the vehemence of our author's opposition to all derivative ideas, and the utter lack of individual opinion upon a question far more easy of solution—the ethnological characters of the Engis and Neanderthal skulls; having no prejudice in this matter, he offers a confused statement of the contradictory opinions of Lyell, Huxley, and Vogt. Some other inconsistencies remain to be noted; the existence of transverse cuts upon bones near the points of insertion of tendons, is thought conclusive evidence of the use of those tendons as thread (p. 93), while presence of cuts or notches upon bones found in tertiary strata is an "accident hardly to be depended upon in proof of the existence of men in those times" (p. 20). Statements equally at variance are made upon page 99 respecting the use of grooves upon arrow-heads. On page 85 is made the astounding assertion that "created beings diminish in size as they improve in type;" but the satisfaction of small people must be damped by the statement at the top of page 238, that "the common sheep, the goat, the horse, and the ass have assumed much more important dimensions" in the "bronze" epoch as compared with those of previous times.

Passing now to what seem to be unfounded statements, we find on page 25 that "man, no doubt, first came into being on the great plateaus of Central Asia and thence was distributed over the globe. The action of climate and the influence of the locality which he inhabited have, therefore, determined the formation of the different races—white, black, yellow, and red—which now exist." The itinerant metallurgists of Lower Langue doc are said to be the descendants of the travelling metal-workers of the "bronze" epoch, whose own existence in early times is not shown by evidence. The paragraph on page 90 respecting the probability of men having used native vegetable food in the "second" epoch is at least unnecessary, in view of their exclusive fruit and root diet in the beginning, and it is equally uncalled for by any evidence that it had not been used in all times. The minute accounts of the burial ceremonies (pages 116 and 200) are not founded upon evidence given or alluded to. Equally unjustified and improbable is the theory (p. 208) as to the production of bronze from a mixture of the *ores* of tin and copper; it is also difficult to see how it can be affirmed that the same material was used over and over, as stated on page 212. It is not shown why the use of *sails* must have depended on a knowledge of *metals* (p. 172); and the origin and development of war is not made clear by argument, although assertions are given upon pages 178, 219, and elsewhere. We are glad to say that the absolute errors and inconsistencies are fewer than what may be looked upon as mere inaccura-

* "Primitive Man. By Louis Figuier." Revised translation. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870. Pp. 350.

cies, some of which are doubtless due to the translator, revisor, or printer. But there is nothing in the historical introduction to justify assigning "forty" years as the period during which the ancient chronology has been in doubt. Twenty years is a more correct estimate, dating from the general acceptance of man's antiquity by the English scientific community; while seventy, one hundred, and even one hundred and fifty-five years may be variously given, as more or less stress is laid upon the several steps in the investigation. The use of the word "ape" on page 9 is unfortunate, since every naturalist considers it to signify a tailless anthropoid rather than a *Platyrrhine* monkey.

Unless we qualify the statement made upon page 15, we must conclude that our first ancestors devoured not only the stag, horse, and rhinoceros, but also the wild-cat, wolf, and hyena. On page 41, we are led to regard the production of fire by friction of two sticks as an accident, and both text and engraving on page 87 indicate the existence of very fair log-sheds in the "second" epoch, whereas log-houses are not mentioned distinctly until the lake-dwellings of the "fourth" epoch are described. There is an uncomfortable lack of definiteness in the allusion made to the "disgusting practices" so common in certain "great cities of America" (p. 239); but we leave this and other inaccuracies to be regarded as each reader may please, and pass at once to note one of the serious defects of the work, namely, the lack of any adequate reference to American archaeology. Although this work makes allusions to European investigation made during 1869, and although it bears the imprint of a prominent American house, there is no intimation that either author, translator, or revisor was aware of the founding of a museum of archaeology in the United States; nor does this volume contain the slightest reference to the labors of the most eminent of American comparative anatomists under whose direction it has been placed, and whose extensive researches into the shell-heaps of the Atlantic coast are familiar to all original investigators of prehistoric remains. This is in itself a matter greatly to be regretted, since it lessens the value which the work would otherwise possess as a compilation of the existing information concerning primitive man. But it also emphasizes the other evidence of the haste with which the book has been prepared. Yet perhaps we are asking too much. The author of an "Ocean World," a "Vegetable World," an "Insect World," and a "Primitive Man," all which have appeared in this country within four years, has never, so far as we know, found the leisure for any original investigation in natural history; so it is really not strange that his productions bear the marks of extreme haste in the diffusiveness of their style, their lack of systematic arrangement, and the illogical character of their arguments, to which attention has been called.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S NEW BOOK.*

In previous volumes, Mr. Buchanan has published verses which were not precisely good poetry, and which were not very agreeable reading, but which, nevertheless, showed that he had in him something of poetic power. The imagination in them was of the purely sympathetic order, and was unaccompanied by any but a weak and futile way of thinking, and was unaccompanied, too, so far as appeared, by any perception of the beautiful or sense of the humorous. The impression given was of a thoroughly Scotch mind and nature, flushed with a good deal of that hectic which has consigned a great many young Scotchmen to poetry and an early grave. But for all that—though he was conceited and bumptious, pragmatic, unideal, of unrefined taste, not well educated in the higher sense of the word, nor perhaps in the lower—he nevertheless had the genuine insight which sympathy gives into the sufferings and joys, but especially into the sufferings, of certain of the humbler of his fellow-creatures, and he was able to express it in a form that made it effective upon others. A consumptive artisan in an alley pining for green fields; a prostitute in her chamber, with a heart hardened but sore and sick; a fisher-wife, deserted by her seducer; an old couple who lament in their cottage the loss of the son that was to be a scholar—people like these Mr. Buchanan gives us, or used to give us, with real power. It was not, one thought, a very good choice of subjects; but it was, one saw by many signs, a wise enough choice if the man who made it was to do his best, or was to do anything worth while in literature. Nor was it absolutely bad either; if not the best, it was still not bad, and many of the poems produced when our author was working this vein are of value and capable of giving pleasure.

But in the volume before us Mr. Buchanan goes out of the field in

which he has had success, and makes exhibition of all his faults and of no one of his merits. A more laborious and ambitious attempt at doing something beyond one's strength—or rather entirely foreign to one's nature—and a more decided failure, is not often made.

The author's intention in "The Book of Orm"—which is styled "A Prelude to the Epic"—would seem to be to state in a poetical manner his notion of the old, old problem of man's relations to God. What does it all mean; how is this important soul of mine, this gifted soul of mine, to discern the inner reason of things and also be saved; why am I thus tormented; is not this deep sadness of mine a proof that I am a being of immortal brightness; why then am I thus sad; wherefore is there death; what is this mystery of sorrow; how comes it to pass that knowledge is vain, that human wisdom is to know human ignorance and confess human weakness; is evil really evil, or is the devil one day to be dead, or else converted; why cannot we look into the unseen; why does not a personal God reveal himself to man, who hungers and thirsts for him, and is not sure that he exists and would so much like to be sure; what is the ocean saying; what mean these eternal stars that shame our puny and transitory race?—these questions, which have been stormed about and wailed about and groaned about by the weaker poets of the last twenty or thirty years as if they were new questions, and have caused public wringing of the hands and beating of the breast and slapping of the brow and dashing back of the hair and avowed anticipations of the tomb, to an extent that most people have regretted to see or hear, are the questions which Mr. Buchanan, in the "Book of Orm," dashes back his hair about, and stamps about, and fixes sad eyes on the stars about, and over which he becomes moody and sulky and resigned and impious and trustingly pious, and all the rest of it.

Such is the weightiness of the book considered as thought. If its manner and method of presentation be considered, the result will be equally unfavorable to Mr. Buchanan's reputation. Everything is hollow and forced and artificial; and there is as much fluent life of the imagination in it as in wooden waves or in toy forests carved in Nuremberg. Yet there is a most offensive strenuousness of effort to be grand and fine. There is an expensive machinery of hoary pilgrims, and star-voices, and Voices within the Temple, and Spirits, and Spirits of Sorrow, and Veils, and Shadows; but all comes to nothing, and serves only to suggest how hide-bound is the imagination of the poet when to be sublime he must fall back on capital letters and on stage properties long worn-out in the service of "Festus" and other persons much afflicted by the universe.

"The Book of Orm" appears to be poems written by a certain bard called Orm the Celt, who, however, in spite of the mythic and ancient look of his designation, must be conceived of as a Celtic bard of our own time:

"There is a mortal, and his name is Orm,
Born in the evening of the world, and looking
Back from the sunset to the gates of morning.

"And he is aged early, in a time
When all are aged early,—he was born
In twilight times, and in his soul is twilight.

"O brother, hold me by the hand, and hearken,
For these things I shall phrase are thine and mine,
And all men's,—all are seeking for a sign.

"Thou wert born yesterday, but thou art old,
Weary to-day, to-morrow thou wilt sleep—
Take these for kisses on thy closing eyelids."

This dismal prelude is the appropriate antechamber to the poems that follow; but perhaps better as showing more clearly the unhealthy frame of mind in which the book was planned, and as foreshadowing the pretentious feebleness of it, is the affected and melancholic "Inscription":

"Flowers plucked upon a grave by moonlight, pale
And suffering, from the spiritual light
They grew in: these, with all the love and blessing
That prayers can gain of God, I send to thee!

"If one of these poor flowers be worthy thee,
The sweetest Soul that I have known on earth,
The tenderest Soul that I can hope to know,
Hold that one flower, and kneel, and pray for me.

"Pray for me, Comrade! Close to thee I creep,
Touching thy raiment: thy good eyes are calm;
But see! the fitful fever in mine eyes—
Pray for me!—bid all good men pray for me!

"If Love will serve, lo! how I love my Friend—
If Reverence, lo! how I reverence him—
If Faith be asked in something beautiful,
Lo! what a splendor is my faith in him!

"Now, as thou risest gently from thy knees,
Must we go different ways?—thou followest
Thy path, I mine;—but all go westering,
And all will meet among the Hills of God!"

* "The Book of Orm. A Prelude to the Epic. By Robert Buchanan." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1870.

We had supposed the fashion had gone out of being publicly sad-eyed and ruined in hopes. It is going out certainly, if it has not quite gone, and this performance of Mr. Buchanan's will help it to its burial. Nothing could well be in worse taste.

Orm sings first of The Veil :

"In the beginning,
Ere Man grew,
The Veil was woven
Bright and blue"—

and it hid The Face. When The Face is pressed closest to The Veil the heavens are bright, and when it is withdrawn they darken :

"But when, grown weary
With long downlooking,
The Face withdrawing
For a time is gone,
The great Veil darkens,
And ye see full clearly
Glittering numberless
The gems thereon"—

that is to say, the stars. Equally imaginative and coherent with this account of day and night, and the way in which Nature interposes between man and the maker of the universe, is Mr. Buchanan's conception—to call it so—of the way in which Nature first fell into her present condition of giving dumb intimations, as it were, but no full revelation of God :

"For oft, in the beginning, long ago,
Without a Veil looked down the Face ye know,
And Earth, an infant happy-eyed and bright,
Look'd smiling up, and gladden'd in its sight.
But later, when the Man-Flower from her womb
Burst into brightening bloom,
In her glad eyes a golden dust was blown
Out of the void, and she was blind as stone."

We have given our guess at the interpretation to be given the author in this first poem. But it is like guessing at the interpretation of a jumbled, bald dream ; the thing needs an interpreter ; but when you have got it, the interpretation is nothing.

Next after "The Veil" comes "The Man and the Shadow"—a poem, some of its critics have said, calculated to make the flesh creep, by reason of its weirdness and ghostliness, but better calculated, surely, to give "goose-flesh" by reason of its weakness to most readers of good taste and good sense :

"On the high path, where few men fare,
Orm meeteth one with hoary hair,
And speaketh solemn and afraid
Of that which haunteth him—a shade"—

namely, of his own shadow, with which Orm endeavors to impress on us awe and fear. Precisely the emotions which, as a matter of fact, agitate the breast of the reader while he goes through this piece, we would rather not state. He will, however, find some pretty descriptions of scenery amid much rubbish about the rainbow, which does duty as a bridge, by way of which Orm, with his usual happiness of invention, makes the spirit of the Hoary One pass into heaven. The "Songs of Corruption" which follow "The Man and the Shadow" are much the same in character as their predecessors, but not quite so devoid of merit. They get their name from having been written, or because supposed to have been written, by Orm in a lonely graveyard, and because, too, of their being in subject appropriate to such a place of meditation. Then we have a lonely interview that Orm has with Satan, whom and whose works Orm defies. The old style of conversation is still in use at these ceremonies, it seems :

"SPIRIT.
Thou knowest me now.
ORM.
I know thee.
SPIRIT. And thy cheek
Blanches not ?
ORM.
Nay, by pride, and by despair,
I fear thee not—we are too much akin."

After much discussion the dawn breaks, Satan departs with a request that Orm pray for him and for all

"Strong spirits that are outcast ;"

and Orm declares that evil is not disguised good, but is evil.

There is more in the volume, but none is better than these poems we have mentioned, and the whole work is as weak and pretentious, and every way unprofitable, as any book of poems that has come within the last ten years from the hand of a person of any repute. It is irredeemably feeble and secondary.

BAIN'S LOGIC.*

MANY works on logic have lately appeared in our language, and a few of them are of considerable importance. The one before us is a school-book of the driest description, but it is impossible that the best living English psychologist should produce any book which has not the stamp of originality, and which is not deserving of attention. In point of fact, Mr. Bain distinctly proclaims himself a rival, although also a follower, of Mr. Mill. The first thing that we notice in all the English logicians, and Mr. Bain is no exception, is their ignorance or ignoring of all logical writings not English. This is the more reprehensible, as logic has by no means received its greatest development in England. Nothing in the present work will lead the student to suspect that there are any such writers as Trendelenburg or Beneke, although the latter entertains opinions which are more or less in harmony with Bain's own. Trendelenburg has made an elaborate study of Aristotle's categories, the results of which are undeniably of high importance, even if they are not to be regarded as fully established. But Professor Bain does not find it worth while so much as to mention them in his account of the same subject. The exclusively English character of Mr. Bain's work is well illustrated by his making the old distinction of extension and comprehension belong to Hamilton, and by his giving the same writer credit for the symbols S, M, and P, for the three terms of a syllogism.

The chief peculiarity of this treatise is its elaborate treatment of applied logic. One-fourth of the whole book is taken up with "Logic of Mathematics," "Logic of Physics," "Logic of Chemistry," "Logic of Biology," "Logic of Psychology," "Sciences of Classification," "Logic of Practice," "Logic of Politics," and "Logic of Medicine." The word logic in these phrases is taken in a very much wider sense than that in which Dr. Whewell spoke of the logic of induction. Logic in general is defined by Mr. Bain as "a body of doctrines and rules having reference to truth." He regards logic, therefore, not merely as the *via veritatis*, but as including everything which bears upon truth, whether it relates to the investigation of it or to the testing of it, or simply to what may be called its statical characters. Accordingly, the logic of a particular science is the general description of the nature of that science, including not merely its methods, but also its fundamental conceptions and doctrines. As an example, let us take the logic of chemistry. The author begins by stating the essential characters of chemical attraction. They are three : first, that the proportions (misprinted *properties* ; the book is full of misprints) are definite ; second, that in combination heat is evolved ; third, that the chief properties of the elements disappear. He next divides the propositions of chemistry into two classes : first, those which relate to the general conditions of chemical change ; second, those which relate to the chemical changes of special substances. He next divides chemistry into organic and inorganic. (Few chemists would now maintain that this division has more than a temporary validity.) He then proceeds to the classification of the elements. The first great division is into metals and non-metals (this is antiquated). The general properties of each group are enumerated, as, for example, that no opaque non metal has lustre except selenium (forgetting iodine and carbon). He then gives a classification (very unscientific) of the non-metals. He then says how he thinks a chemical substance should be described in a text-book. He seems to be thinking all along of how a text-book should be written, and not of how the subject should be investigated or conceived in the mind of the chemist, for he urges it as a recommendation to the uniting of oxygen and nitrogen in one class that it gives an opportunity for dwelling on the mechanical peculiarities of gaseous elements. He then states the characters of chemical laws. They are two. The first is that such laws are empirical. As an example, he cites the so-called law of Berthollet, in evident ignorance that this law has been entirely disproved. The other property of chemical laws is that they must express the most general conditions of the redistribution of chemical force. He next remarks that most of the hypotheses of chemistry are representative fictions, and concludes with a few elementary observations upon chemical notation. Such an account of a science as Mr. Bain here attempts would certainly be of the greatest value. It is very unlikely that any one man could successfully accomplish the task for all the sciences. At any rate, he must be profoundly versed in them, and must have quite another than a schoolmaster's conception of science in order to make his work of any use at all. But to attempt to write the logic of mathematics, for example, when one is so ignorant of the work of mathematicians as to

* "Logic, by Alexander Bain, LL.D., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen." Part First, Deduction. Part Second, Induction. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longmans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

be capable of saying that the celebrated axiom concerning parallels is "deducible from the definition of parallel lines, and ought to appear among the theorems of the first book," we must say, smacks of conceit.

Another principal feature in the book is the treatment of definition. Like many of the old logicians, the author separates the process of forming a definition from reasoning, a separation which ought not to be made, because analysis of the former proceeding shows it to contain the same elements as the latter. His attaching a very high importance to definition is more in accordance with the tendencies of natural science than it is with the doctrines of that nominalistic school of metaphysics with which Mr. Bain is affiliated. He rightly insists that the characters of the object which are enumerated in the definition should be such as are *important*, but his analysis (usually weak) fails to detect in what the *importance* of a character consists. A sentence which he has quoted from Sir George Cornwall Lewis might have furnished him with a hint. "By including in monarchies," says that writer, "and excluding from republics, every government of which a king is the head, we make every true general proposition respecting monarchies and republics impossible." An important character is obviously one upon which others depend, that is, one the inclusion of which in a definition renders true general propositions concerning the object defined possible; and the more such propositions a character renders possible, the more important it is. In the same way, a natural class is one which can be so defined that something can be predicated of it which cannot be predicated of the genera included in its definition. Mr. Bain endeavors to make the logical definition identical with the scientific definition—a most worthy aim; but we fancy that zoologists and botanists are already so much advanced in the knowledge of classification beyond the mere logician, that Mr. Bain's maxims will have little weight with them.

In treating of causation, Mr. Bain includes in the pure logical principle the law of the conservation of force, which according to him, in opposition to the physicists, refers not to *vis viva* but to *momentum*.

He gives a long account of the systems of De Morgan and Boole, but not such a one as they would approve, and he makes some serious mistakes.

As a school-book the work has some advantages, but even where the author's thought is perhaps not itself vague, his manner of expressing it is not calculated to inculcate precision in the mind of the pupil.

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August begins with an interesting article not without value, on a comparatively new subject, and one of importance, which the essay before us cannot be said to exhaust; still, it is worth attention, and will be found instructive. "Southern Society" is the title of it, and the writer undertakes to show in what society at the South differs from its condition before the war. The difference is not an improvement, he thinks. The Southern heart is still bitter, he says, with the memories of the war; the farmer sees his land covered with mortgages, and taxed almost beyond endurance; the desire to drown the remembrance of the past, and to emulate the great fortunes that have been made in the North, leads to an insane haste to be rich which is sadly in contrast with the old repose of spirit and freedom from material standards; the women hate the Northerners, good and bad alike, who have gone among them; the fathers and sons, with the facility bred of alternate triumph and defeat in the war of politics and the war of battles, have more or less well adapted themselves to Northern rulers and companions, but the wives and daughters remain implacable, and carry discord abroad, and too often make the home life also a life of dissension or discomfort, all being drawn into the women's wars; the relations between the debtor class and the creditor class are, in a vast number of cases, productive of estrangement and hatred, and the legislation which has made it possible to avoid settlement of debt has given opportunity to the dishonest, and thus aided to make and keep men enemies: the contrast between the rich and poor is far greater than ever before; large fortunes, once very rare in the South, are now not uncommon—the products of speculation; the great plantations are going, and with the incoming of small farms, there is a decrease of hospitality and of good breeding; the negro no longer has a friend; the poor whites, especially the young growth of the past ten years, are coming up in utter ignorance; the kindly relations between white and black that were due to the mingling of persons of the two races in the large households will no longer exist now that the families of employer and employed live isolated, and the negro wet-nurse is much more rarely employed.

There is food for reflection in this view, which, doubtless, is in many

points not far from correct. But doubtless, too, our author writes with some of that despondency as to the future which naturally accompanies deep regret for the departure of the old order. Besides, such transition as the South is now going through can hardly fail to be worse in many respects than that which is displaced, or than that which is to come. The colleges of the South are full of young men; the negro is learning to work and learning to read; immigrants stand ready to fill up the waste places; the memories of the war must, sooner or later, fade in the fiercest hearts and the most untaught heads—and if not, there is another generation soon to occupy the seats of this; manufactures are to diversify the industry of the South, and all the weightier indications of her future would seem to point to a new South better than the old if different from it. "Laws and learning, arts and commerce" are not dead, in spite of Lord John Manners, even though "our old nobility" has undergone reverses.

The *Catholic World* begins with a second paper on Mr. Froude's "History," and makes a clever and successful attack on that pictorial and partisan and incorrect writer—whom, perhaps, his assailant overrates. Still the work is likely to be popular, and its errors to be widely accepted for truths. And the partisan history is a thing that has got to be offensive beyond measure to gods and men.

"In the Greenwood" is a very pleasant and lively little story; or rather, it is a very lively and pleasant sketch, partly or wholly true, we suppose, of the adventures of a pair of ladies in a backwoods cabin in Maine. There is a queer freshness in it, as if it had been done by an American woman whose training had been in many ways different from that of the ordinary American girls, but yet had much, too, in common with it. At all events, while a little raw in some places, as too strong in others, it is very bright and agreeable, and will be read with pleasure, as many more like it might be. Another good article in the *Catholic World*, about an admirable author, too little known, is the review of Gerald Griffin's works; and interesting is the article on Andreini's "Adam," a work little known, but alleged to be, as regards many particulars, greater and lesser, so nearly like Milton's "Paradise Lost" that the English poet must be held to be certainly indebted, and not a little indebted, to his Italian forerunner. So this examination of the rare work in question would seem to show. These three articles make the *Catholic World* for August a very good magazine; and there are besides, whether they make it better or worse, articles about "The Superstition of Unbelief," "The First Ecumenical Council of the Vatican," Janus's "Pope and the Council"—which bothers the Catholics much; and "Matter and Spirit in the Light of Modern Science."

Hours at Home tells something new about the educational work carried on in Syria. Few people know of this, but it is important and interesting. Three years ago, the American Board of Foreign Missions opened a College at Beirut. It has five professors, who teach the several departments of Arabic language and literature, modern languages, Turkish law and jurisprudence, the natural sciences, and mathematics. It is not a proselytizing institution; it might, in fact, rather be called a medical school than a religious seminary, for the study of medicine is made very prominent. A large dispensary and a hospital are attached to the college, and patients are treated gratuitously. Such an institution in a land cursed with quacks, and full of dense ignorance, educating in modern learning its sixty or seventy youth annually, some of them Druses, some Papal Greeks, some Orthodox Greeks, some Maronites, some Jews, some Armenians, and sending them out among the hundred millions or more of the Arabic-speaking peoples, must do a vast amount of good, and appeals strongly to the wealthy for aid. The corporation which has founded the Syrian Protestant College is, we understand, chartered by the State of New York.

We had occasion, a month or two ago, to ask Professor Schele de Vere, apropos of his novel of "The Great Empress," three questions, which he has never answered. One was, "Did Mr. De Vere write the article in *Blackwood*?" Another was, "If not, have both authors copied or translated from a common author?" The third was, "Has Mr. De Vere simply plagiarized from *Blackwood*, and altered the original in a few trifling particulars?" The object sought to be gained by these questions was an explanation of the fact that pages 40 and 42 of "The Great Empress" are, nearly identical with pages 411 and 412 of an old number of *Blackwood*. In short, Mr. De Vere was, on that occasion, a plagiarist, and it is a little surprising to see him permitted to turn up in two of the magazines of the month. *Putnam's* lets him in as well as *Hours at Home*. It is rather amusing to the baser mind to find that, in *Hours at Home*, the Professor is much concerned about the lack of originality in American literature.

Harper's has a very good paper by Mr. M. D. Conway—another of his

"South-Coast Saunterings"—in which he writes, exceedingly well, a mixture of antiquarian lore, guide-book details, personal sketches of distinguished men, and criticism. Some of Mr. Mill's conversation is the personal element in this month's paper, and another pleasant thing is a hymn, made by "the late W. J. Fox" out of Chaucer's famous death-bed lines. It might very well indeed go into Unitarian hymn-books, and ought to be adopted for general and, we should hope, frequent use in the churches of that denomination.

The new story in the *Galaxy* is called "Overland," and begins very well in the city of Santa Fé. It will please novel-readers, certainly; for the rest, it is too early to say anything about it, except that, in this first instalment, it is spirited. Good, too, is Mr. Grant White's critical essay on the styles of Disraeli and Dickens, which are compared much to advantage of the latter, who, indeed, with all his faults, is far superior in point of correctness, as well as of skill and power, to the indolent, gaudy carelessness of the Ex-Premier's writing. Mr. Justin McCarthy makes a just estimate of Bulwer's claims to respect as a man of letters, and has some talk about his character, which may or may not be correct, but which sounds plausible—and perhaps a little out of place.

The August *Atlantic* is a good number, though not a great one by any means. The poetry is about as bad as usual, and "Mr. Hardhack on the Sensational in Literature and Life" is an inconceivable sort of a thing for the perfection of its cheapness. But Mr. Howells's "Day's Pleasure" is thoroughly good; and there is something very pleasant about Mr. Lowell's "Virginian in New England Thirty-five Years Ago," though it was a disappointment to find that Mr. Lowell is only to edit a journal instead of writing something of his own. As has been suggested, the old-fashioned Virginian, of the good kind, may very well get more of our attention and regard than we of the North have been giving him since 1865.

Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—This volume has been hastily put together, and contains much that is very well worn, and does not contain much of the new matter that might have been, and sooner or later will be, gathered together; but it nevertheless is a pleasant book to read and a good one to keep, and will give pleasure to every admirer of Dickens. Newest in it is the collection of after-dinner speeches, comprised in some eighty or ninety pages, and giving a hundred or more of those admirable performances, in which their author was, in his lifetime, without an equal. There are also some letters, and parts of letters, to Lady Blessington, to Washington Irving, and to Douglas Jerrold, which, we take it, have been printed before, but which will be fresh to most readers. And, besides the speeches and the letters, there is an appendix containing some rambling remarks—not too true and not too new, but not entirely lacking, either, in truthfulness of criticism and freshness of information—which are Mr. G. A. Sala's characteristic tribute to the genius and character of his friend and patron. The rest of the hodge-podge is made up of Dean Stanley's recent funeral sermon; of an anonymous "Introduction," which is good in its way; and of some specimens of Dickens's poetical work, or verse-making rather.

One of the best things in the volume is a story that Dickens narrates to Douglas Jerrold, writing to him from Paris in 1847:

"I am somehow reminded of a good story I heard the other night from a man who was a witness of it, and an actor in it. At a certain German town last autumn there was a tremendous *furor* about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it, on her travels, early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a party of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown to her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman, of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the *table d'hôte*, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said, in a low voice, to some people who were near him at the table, 'You are English, gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people, these Germans! Students, as a body, raving mad, gentlemen!' 'Oh no!' said somebody else; 'excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible.' 'By God, sir!' returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed, 'then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving, and while I was gone—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes!' I needn't wind up by adding that they had gone to the wrong chamber."

As all the world knows, telling stories, and telling them dramatically when he could, was a favorite amusement and a great accomplishment of

Dickens's, and we may imagine him always on the look out for them, and their appearing constantly in his letters as well as in his conversation. Here is one about Rogers, which Dickens writes to Irving:

"Holland House has four-and-twenty youthful pages in it now—twelve for my lord and twelve for my lady; and no clergyman coils his leg up under his chair all dinner time, and begins to uncurve it when the hostess goes. No wheeled chair runs smoothly in, with that beaming face in it; and —'s little cotton pocket-handkerchief helped to make (I believe) this very sheet of paper. A half-sad, half-ludicrous story of Rogers is all I will sully it with. You know, I dare say, that, for a year or so before his death, he wandered and lost himself, like one of the Children in the Wood, grown up there and grown down again. He had Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Carlyle to breakfast with him one morning—only those two. Both excessively talkative, very quick and clever, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three-quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned his poor old eyes on Mrs. Procter, and, pointing to the brilliant discusser with his poor old finger, said (indignantly), 'Who is she?' Upon this, Mrs. Procter, cutting in, delivered—it is her own story—a neat oration on the life and writings of Carlyle, and enlightened him in her happiest and airiest manner; all of which he heard, staring in the dreariest silence, and then said (indignantly as before), 'And who are you?'"

The following letter to Jerrold it is good to read, and to remember that the sentiments expressed in it found as hearty expression in the writer's life as in his correspondence:

"MY DEAR JERROLD—This day week I finished my little Christmas book (writing towards the close the exact words of a passage in your affectionate letter received this morning; to wit, 'After all, life has something serious in it'), and ran over here for a week's rest. I cannot tell you how much true gratification I have had in your most hearty letter. F. told me that the same spirit breathed through a notice of 'Dombey' in your paper; and I have been saying since to K. and G. that there is no such good way of testing the worth of a literary friendship as by comparing its influence on one's mind with any that literary animosity can produce. Mr. W. will throw me into a violent fit of anger for the moment, it is true; but his acts and deeds pass into the death of all bad things next day, and rot out of my memory; whereas a generous sympathy, like yours, is ever present to me, ever fresh and new to me—always stimulating, cheerful, and delightful. The pain of unjust malice is lost in an hour. The pleasure of a generous friendship is the steadiest joy in the world. What a glorious and comfortable thing that is to think of!"

Mr. Sala—whose opinions as to excesses of various kinds would probably not pass muster with Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn, or the Rev. Mr. Fulton of Boston—has this to say about Mr. Dickens's personal habits:

"It is idle at this time to enquire whether he took too much exercise, and whether, in some cases, Nature will not resent unvarying regularity in the observance of her laws, or refuse to respond by the gift of health and long life to the most rigidly-pursued system of hygiene. If Charles Dickens erred in this respect, he erred with Cornaro, with Franklin, and with Prescott, all of whom lived by line and rule; measuring the sands of their time by the grain, weighing out their sustenance by the ounce and the gill, adjusting even the weight of the garments they wore in summer or in winter to the minutest fluctuations of the balance. Charles Dickens was a man who never exceeded in aught save pedestrianism; whose nature, strongly impulsive as it was, seemed to have been brought under an inexorable discipline."

And just as we conceive of Rogers as breakfasting; and of Tommy Moore as sitting at a piano in some one else's parlor; and of Johnson rolling his burly form through London slops and fogs, or sitting oracular and disputatious in a club-room arm-chair; and of Scott, in his library filled with old curiosities, or walking out with his dogs, so we may think of Dickens as carrying his keen eye and reporter's memory and energetic figure into all the haunts of London life:

"The towering stature, the snowy locks, the glistening spectacles, the listless, slouching port, as that of a tired giant, of William Makepeace Thackeray, were familiar enough in London, a few years since, but, comparatively speaking, only to a select few. He belonged to Clubland, and was only to be seen sauntering there or in West-end squares, or on the road to his beloved Kensington, or in the antique hall at Charterhouse on Founders' Day, or on Eton Bridge on the Fourth of June, or sometimes, haply, on the top of a Richmond omnibus, journeying to a brief furlough at Rose Cottage."

"Thackeray in Houndsditch, Thackeray in Bethnal Green or at Camden Town, would have appeared anomalous; as well could we picture Carlyle at Cremorne, or Tennyson at Garraway's; but Charles Dickens, when in town, was ubiquitous. He was to be met, by those who knew him, everywhere—and who did not know him? Who had not heard him read, and who had not seen his photographs in the shop-windows? The omnibus-conductors knew him, the street-boys knew him; and perhaps the locality where his recognition would have been least frequent—for all that he was a member of the Athenæum Club—was Pall Mall. Elsewhere he would make his appearance in the oddest places, and in the most inclement weather; in Ratcliff Highway, on Haverstock Hill, on Camberwell Green, in Gray's Inn Lane, in the Wandsworth Road, at Hammersmith Broadway, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town."

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